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The Walter Reuther Story

MAY—1953

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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May we suggest that you reserve your newsstand copy now or send your subscription in immediately.

The Editor

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THIRTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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IN THIS ISSUE of the AMERICAN MERCURY we bring you one of the most important documents published in the past twenty years.

In his article, "Communism and the Colleges," Dr. J. B. Matthews brings into sharp focus the incredible need for an exhaustive, carefully documented, and constructive investigation of the institutions of learning in this country where our young people are being educated.

The author, the acknowledged dean in the United States on the subject of Communism, has spent months in research and investigation. The article is factual, and completely documented.

It is published by this magazine as a public service.

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THE WALTER REUTHER STORY

By Ralph de Toledano

WALTER REUTHER has been called a "Twentieth Century Moses," a fascist, a Communist, "the most dangerous man in the United States," a genius, a "young man in a hurry," and a "disingenuous opportunist."

His longtime friend, James A. Wechsler, has summed him up as "labor's most radical leader." Reuther, never one to indulge in false modesty, thinks of himself as an "architect of the future." He has made it clear that he carries the blueprint in his back pocket, ready to be whipped out if and when he becomes President of the United States — an ambition which his friends are uttering in ever broader hints.

How faithfully does the 45-year-old president of the CIO live up to his billing? The answer lies in Reuther himself, or in a rounded portrait of the man. The full-time press agents of the United Auto Workers have created a glowing Reuther myth. This study of the man who has captured the imagination of millions is filed as a minority report, to place on the record a side of Reuther which has studiously been ignored by his typewriter-wielding adulators.

Reuther is a complex and fascinating character. As the leader of his chosen people, he has been, in the words ascribed to Lenin, ready to "use any ruse, cunning, unlawful method, evasion" to gain his ends. From the Communists, he borrowed and put into effective practice the theory of the strategic minority. His ideas on a controlled economy could have been yanked out of Mussolini's notebooks. An outspoken anti-Communist, he nevertheless clutched the party so tightly to his bosom, in the formative UAW years, that a rank-and-file member would have had difficulty slipping a knife between the party and Reuther.

A PRIM moralist, he abolished by fiat the time-honored postlude to UAW executive board meetings — the all-night poker game. But in 1937, when he was president of the booming Local 174, he was not

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above signing the equivalent of a pauper's oath in order to get free medical attention. An energetic drumbeater for U. S. intervention in World War II, he grabbed a deferment from military service — because he was "essential" or, reportedly, on the ground that his wife, then working as his private secretary, would lose her means of support were he drafted.

"Probably no American outside the government has made a greater contribution to the war effort than Walter Reuther," an official UAW biography stated. It ignored that his much-touted first Reuther Plan, which was rejected by the "reactionary" auto companies and the Washington "brass hats," was a dangerous dud. It would have set the assembly lines to producing 500 fighter planes a day, but what the ignorant military planners needed, and got, were the bombers which plastered Germany and Japan.

But the Reuther Plan is significant. Like Stalin's Five Year Plan, it was first class salesmanship and it helped catapult the stocky, barrel-chested redhead into the national picture. And it has been salesmanship, perhaps more than any other single factor, which has put Reuther where he is today. William Knudsen, a shrewd appraiser of men, recognized this when, after a heated collective bargaining session with Reuther, he said:

"Young man, I wish you were selling used cars for us."

"Used cars?" Reuther wondered.

"Used cars," Knudsen repeated. "Anybody can sell new cars."

Salesmanship made a prime commodity of Reuther's agile mind, his ability to make platitudes sound profound, his superb skill at both ax-handle and stiletto politics, and his disregard for the legal amenities. Unremitting publicity and unremitting energy, the combination which made Tom Dewey, compensated for his cold personality and his distaste for the masses — in a field where social drinking and hearty back-slapping had heretofore been prerequisites for success. Like Lifebuoy, Reuther made good despite a slightly carbolic scent.

If Reuther is a packaged product, the article within is real enough. His doctrinaire beliefs and the demagogic phrases which express them are as much a part of his heritage as the red hair, baby face, and steely blue eyes which his parents' chromosomes decreed for him.

WALTER PHILIP REUTHER was brought up in a household which took the Gospel According to Marx very seriously. His father, Valentine Reuther, was a social democrat, subscribing to the more humanistic doctrines of German Socialism — *Freiheit und Brüderlichkeit.* The indoctrination of Walter and his brothers Victor and Roy — they were later to become the operating triumvirate of the UAW — was conscious and thorough. The

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three learned much from their father, but they somehow failed to absorb that sense of responsible unionism which so many Germans brought to this country.

At sixteen, Walter quit high school to become an apprentice tool-and-die maker at the Wheeling Steel plant. The Reuther legend says that he was fired from this job for organizing a one-day stay-at-home strike. In any case, he moved on to Detroit, where the wages were higher. There, by parlaying an important skill and his ability to sell himself, he began to push ahead. Had he remained in the productive end of the automotive world, he would undoubtedly have risen to managerial rank. Others with no more on the ball have done it, and Walter was no slouch.

Working nights and going to school days, Reuther completed his high school education in two years. He continued his studies at Wayne University, still holding down a full-time job. In the 1930s, he was joined in Detroit by Victor and Roy. In those depression-ridden times, the three gravitated into the League for Industrial Democracy, an arm of the socialist movement, and later into the Socialist Party itself. Thoroughly infiltrated by Stalinists and Trotskyites, the S.P.'s left-wing faction was then taking its first steps into the alliance with the totalitarian left which later destroyed it.

At Wayne, the Reuthers plunged into Socialist activities with characteristic vigor. When ROTC was introduced, they organized agitation and succeeded in driving military training off the campus. Strikes at auto plants found the Reuther boys and their fellow students on picket lines. In the 1932 presidential election, they stumped Detroit for Norman Thomas. Campaigning and the insidious thrill of hurly-burly speech-making put ideas into their heads. Walter and Victor didn't know precisely what those ideas were or where they were going. All they knew was that they wanted to go. In 1933, they took their savings out of the bank and set out for Europe.

STOPPING in New York *en route*, they had dinner with Paul Porter, Mary Hillyer (now Mrs. Paul Blanshard), Ruth Shallcross, and J. B. Matthews. That evening, they made no secret that their ultimate destination was the Soviet Union. Another architect was blueprinting the future; they were eager to see how he worked. It took them close to a year to get a visa. But if their letters to friends were any indication, the wait had been worth it; their enthusiasm over what they found in the Soviet Union was unqualified.

On February 20, 1935, J. B. Matthews, who was lecturing in Flint, Mich., ran into Roy Reuther. Walter and Victor, Roy reported glumly, had "gone completely Stalinist." He also showed Matthews a

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copy of a letter written by his brothers to two good friends — Melvin and Gladys Bishop.

In recent years, the Reuthers and the UAW publicity machine have worked mightily to discredit its authenticity. The Reuthers have created a myth that the visit to Russia soured them on Communism and on the Soviet system, that they returned to the U. S. "disillusioned by the workings of bureaucracy" and confirmed anti-Communists.

The text of the letter, however, has been incorporated into the printed record of the House Un-American Activities Committee. Walter Reuther tacitly admits its authenticity by disclaiming it as a "burst of adolescent enthusiasm," but insists that the version in House committee files added phrases and distorted its sense. The Reuthers have so far refused requests for examples of these distortions.

Dated January 21, 1934, the letter reads:

> . . . What you have written concerning the strikes [in Detroit] plus what we have learned from other sources of the rising discontent of the American workers, makes us long for the moment to be back with you in the front lines of the struggle; however . . . the thought that we are actually helping to build a society that will forever end the exploitation of man by man . . . is the compensation we receive for our temporary absence . . . And let no one tell you that we are not on the road to socialism in the Soviet Union. Let no one say that the workers in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics are not on the road to security, enlightenment, and happiness.
>
> . . . You know Wal and I were always strong for the Soviet Union. You know that we were always ready to defend it against the lies of the reactionaries. But let me tell you now that . . . we have already experienced the thrill, the satisfaction of participating in genuine proletarian democracy . . . we are ready to fight for it and its ideals. And why not? Here the workers, through their militant leadership, the proletarian dictatorship . . . have maintained power, they have won over the masses . . . They have transformed the Soviet Union into one of the greatest industrial nations in the world. They have laid the economic foundation for socialism, for a classless society . . . This is what the outside world calls the "ruthless dictatorship in Russia." I tell you, Mel, in all the countries we have thus far been in, we have never found such genuine proletarian workers' democracy in every respect. . . .
>
> Mel, we are witnessing and experiencing great things in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. We are seeing the most backward nation in the world being rapidly transformed into the most modern and scientific. . . . We are watching daily socialism being taken down from the books on the shelves and put into actual application. Who would not be inspired by such events?
>
> Carry on the fight for a Soviet America. VIC AND WAL

Even if the Reuther contention

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that tampering hands revised the letter is true, the official account that Walter and Victor were disgusted by their view of Communism collapses under the weight of the evidence. After his return from Russia, Walter Reuther spoke at a Masonic Temple under the auspices of the Young People's Socialist League. Enthusiastically, he lauded the Soviet Union and incidentally put himself on record on another matter. "We do not believe in God," he said grandly.

THE next years in the lives of Walter and Victor Reuther, moreover, marked their most active collaboration with the Communist Party in Michigan — a collaboration so close that many people were honestly, though erroneously, convinced that they were party members. In August 1938, for example, President John P. Frey of the AFL's Metal Trades Department testified concerning a meeting of the pro-Communist "unity caucus" of the United Auto Workers, before the union's second convention in Milwaukee:

> There were present at this caucus Wyndham Mortimer [who led wildcat strikes during the Hitler-Stalin Pact period, to halt the manufacture of planes for the Allies], Ed Hall, Walter Reuther, and about 90 delegates to the convention who were actually Communist Party members. Also present were William Weinstone, Michigan secretary of the Communist Party; Jack Stachel, of New York, a member of the central committee of the Communist Party; Morris Childs, of Chicago, secretary of the Communist Party . . . Jack Johnstone, of Chicago, a member of the central committee . . . and Louis Budenz . . . a member of the staff of the *Daily Worker*. . . .

Walter Reuther was a young man in those days — and to many the Communist Party did not seem then what we know it to be now. This past record would be relatively unimportant were not Reuther and his press agents so desperately anxious to make it seem that he was and had always been an undeviating anti-Communist. It is not the act itself, but the deception, which makes the act significant.

By 1936, Reuther had discovered that his talents lay in organization, his field in the trade union movement. In the mewling UAW of the day, he was able to weld several tiny Flint, Mich. locals into West Side Local 174, where he easily rose to the presidency. But his entire domain consisted of 78 members. It was then that he first brought into play the Leninist theory of the strategic minority. Half of his membership worked for the Kelsey-Hayes wheel plant, and Reuther made that his target. At a "strategy bull session" in his home, attended by a handful of Kelsey-Hayes employees, Reuther worked out the plans which parlayed his 78 members to 30,000 — within days.

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"We had a big Polish gal at the meeting who had fainted at the assembly line once before," Reuther has since said. "We assigned her to 'faint' again and showed her how to do it. That was to be the signal. When she 'fainted,' someone else was to shut down the assembly line. We trained a couple of men in pulling the right switches." Then the Local 174 members were to shout, "Strike!" Victor Reuther was to begin a harangue of the workers.

THE plan was carried out with precision. All activity ceased at the plant and Walter was admitted on the pretext that he would tell the men to go back to work. Once in, however, Reuther made an organizing speech. He refused to desist until permitted to sign up hundreds of the members. But when the workers returned to work the next morning, they found the Kelsey-Hayes plant locked up. Led by Reuther, they broke in and settled down for a siege. For ten days, while a Local 174 quartermaster corps supplied food, the local held the fort. Then management capitulated.

The Kelsey-Hayes sitdown was the turning point in Reuther's life. He emerged from it as the natural leader of the wave of sitdowns — some spontaneous, some planned — which seized the automotive industry. In the turmoil and violence which followed, the United Auto Workers grew into a vast, broiling union. And Reuther saw to it that for the rank-and-file members, as for the public, he was always identified with this stormy adolescence. In setting off sitdowns, Reuther took a big gamble — for he was working at cross purposes with John L. Lewis, the CIO chieftain, who wanted to give priority to the organization of the steel industry. He took what seemed like another gamble in threatening the sovereign authority of the State of Michigan.

But he had an ace in the hole which prevented the sitdowns from developing into bloody failures: a one-man strategic minority named Governor Frank Murphy. In violation of his oath of office, Murphy refused to impose either law or order until Reuther had broken the back of public opposition, dragooned many reluctant workers into his union by threats of violence, and forced the auto companies into settling with the UAW. The need for organizing the auto industry is not being questioned — but Reuther's means, particularly in a New Deal era which gave labor a free franchise, cannot be justified except in terms of totalitarian logic.

Time, and the soothing lotion of captive historians, have softened the picture of the sitdown strikes. But the record is there, in the sworn testimony of those who lived through them. They were a vast military operation in which Socialists and Communists served as the *cadres* and the shock troops. There was a general staff under Walter Reuther, a

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system of political commissars under Victor Reuther, a regular army, and a horde of semi-organized guerrillas. Lines of communication were maintained; supplies, both food and ammunition (stones and bolts and acid) were sent to threatened points. Assembly lines were set up in some of the seized plants to manufacture blackjacks made of metal encased in leather. A sound truck, manned by Victor Reuther, moved from one trouble spot to another, exhorting the strikers with words and with "Internationale" — the Communist anthem.

THROUGHOUT the trouble, John Barringer, the city manager of Flint, called in vain for intervention by the State Police to restore order. He could not reach Governor Murphy, and other State officials refused to act. When the State Police finally came in, they had strict orders from Murphy not to intervene. During several riots, they stood by watching. Barringer's testimony summed up the situation tersely:

> About 8:30 [of January 11, 1936] word came to the police department . . . that a mob was storming the entrance to the first floor of the Fisher Plant No. 2, and requested immediate help. The riot squad of the Flint police . . . was ordered immediately to the scene . . . By the time they arrived a first-class fight had started, and the police immediately endeavored to restore order . . . They were greeted by the mob with missiles of all sorts . . . pieces of steel, iron brickbats, milk bottles, and bottles containing acid . . . Victor Reuther was talking from a loudspeaker wagon and was inciting the men to further violence and to combat the police . . . The fight developed into serious proportions . . .
>
> Knowing that I could not send any additional reserves . . . I phoned immediately to the State Police headquarters . . . I finally located Governor Murphy by phone and told him the story. He would authorize no help but told us to meet him later at midnight at the Durant Hotel. When the Governor finally arrived at the hotel and started up the elevator to his rooms, he was followed immediately by Roy and Victor Reuther . . . The Governor conferred with these men for more than three-quarters of an hour before he would talk to the mayor and myself and other city officials . . .
>
> After a three-hour conference . . . he still refused to order the 70 or 75 State Police which were in Flint at the time to help our Flint police department to restore order . . . I told him that our men . . . were virtually surrounded and outnumbered many times . . . and that if they were not allowed to withdraw by the mob . . . they would have to use solid shot and machine guns. This seemed to have no effect on the Governor.

The only interference came from the LaFollette Committee — later denounced by the Senator himself for its Communist personnel — which demanded the names of deputies sworn in to help maintain order.

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"They did not seem a bit concerned as to what was going on," Barringer said of the committee investigators. "Their main object or purpose there was to demand of me the names of those men we had signed up as police reserves." Would the UAW have access to the list? — Barringer asked. The investigators said yes. The city manager refused.

It was during this period, when Walter Reuther was defying the forces of law in Michigan, that he appeared at the office of a Dr. Shafarman in Detroit to get a tuberculin test. Reuther signed his name to a green Board of Health card, attesting that he could "not afford to pay," and the $5 fee was charged to the city of Detroit. An interesting sidelight to this incident was the fact that Shafarman was serving then as a one-man medical board screening young Communists who were being sent by the Communist Party to fight in Spain.*

The sitdown strikes made Reuther a big man in the UAW. But he was not ready to make a bid for the presidency of the union. Combining with the Communist faction of George Addes, however, he was able to pry loose the well-meaning but bumbling UAW president, Homer Martin. The manipulatable R. J. Thomas took over that office and Addes succeeded to the key post of secretary-treasurer. Reuther remained snugly on the executive board and continued to enlarge his domain — the General Motors department of the union. He had been able to unionize only seventeen of the close-to-100 GM plants. He bided his time until GM was tooling up for its 1940 models and then applied his strategic-minority tactic: He called out the tool-and-die makers whom he controlled. GM was faced with the alternatives of capitulation to Reuther or loss of the 1940 car market to its competitors. It capitulated and Reuther won his first corporation-wide contract.

The first Reuther Plan gave Walter his labor-statesman reputation. He began offering new plans at the drop of a hat on practically every problem, including the one of righting the *Normandie*, lying on its side at a New York pier. The war, and the need for labor cooperation, gave him a handle. As a consultant to the War Production Board, he had *entrée* into high government offices.

"When I was having a hard time putting over an idea," he told the *Saturday Evening Post's* Jack Alexander in 1948, "I could always go to Mrs. Roosevelt or [Harold] Ickes and in that way get to see the President." He and Roosevelt had much in common.

Reuther's strength was, and has been, his ability to turn defeat into propaganda victory. In 1945, he

* This episode is detailed in sworn testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee, Vol. 2.

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demanded — and struck for — a 30 per cent increase in wages, to be tied to a guarantee from GM that it would not raise the prices of cars. The strike lasted for 113 days, Reuther got 18½ cents for his men, and the company raised the price of cars. But in the accounts of labor publicists this was somehow converted into a resounding victory for forward-looking unionism.

As the war drew to a close, Reuther began painting grim pictures of postwar depression, mass unemployment, and economic chaos. His solution, embodied in another "plan," was characteristic of his thinking. Wartime control of the national economy and the freedom of the citizen were pallid compared with Reuther's prescription for social health. He envisaged — and tried to sell to the government and the public — a Peace Production Board which would serve as an "economic high command" with "full authority to enforce its decisions." Its scope would be total and totalitarian.

The PPB, as Reuther saw it, would have "full control" over materials, allocation of manpower, prices, tooling facilities, new patents, the migration of farm workers, and the distribution of goods under a system of "social priorities," manufacturing quotas, types of goods manufactured. Over the PPB would be industrial councils composed of labor, management, and government, which would make over-all plans. Reuther's dream was terrifying but not original. An ex-Socialist named Benito Mussolini had thought of it first, as a means of ending Italy's postwar chaos in the early 1920's. It had ended the chaos — and Italy with it.

But before Reuther could bring the dictatorship of a corporate state to America, he had to subdue his union first. Whatever its faults, the UAW was, until 1946, the freest union in the country. Brawling factions and an independent membership prevented the leadership from assuming the iron control which obtained in most other unions. In 1946, Reuther made his bid for the presidency of the UAW — and the situation began to change. Reuther campaigned as an anti-Communist against the Communist faction of George Addes. He won, but only by a tenuous margin. Following the voting, he told the convention which elected him:

"I want now to extend my hand to George Addes . . . and tell him that together we can unite this organization."

In 1947, Reuther had sufficiently "united" the UAW so that his election was a shoo-in. With him he swept in an executive board which he dominated. His victory was followed by a ruthless purge of all those who had opposed him. His lieutenants did not work haphazardly; they had already prepared lists of all those slated to go, and the

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job was accomplished smoothly though not painlessly. From that moment on, the UAW's independence began slipping away. The Reuther machine, well oiled by Victor and Roy Reuther, rolled ahead implacably.

With the UAW safely in his pocket, Reuther set his sights on the presidency of the CIO, a goal he has reached, and — if Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., the Goebbels of Americans for Democratic Action, and Abe Raskin, the *New York Times* top labor reporter, are to be accepted as fair analysts — on the Presidency of the United States.

Reuther has been building steadily to achieve this goal. He has never given up the idea of an American labor party or, failing that, the domination of the Democratic Party. As one of the powers in Americans for Democratic Action — an illegitimate offspring of the New Deal made up of anti-anti-Communists, labor leaders with intellectual pretentions, fuzzy liberals, and the *New York Post* — he has forced rule-or-ruin decisions on a traditional American political organism which had won elections by effecting coalitions rather than by imposing rigid orthodoxy. It was the ADA which planned the showdown over "civil rights" at the 1952 Democratic convention — a showdown which delivered a sizable hunk of the South's electoral votes to General Eisenhower.

The ADA's demand for recognition of Red China, its opposition to loyalty oaths and security measures in the government, and its cynical propagation of the canard that "thought control" and "hysteria" are the current characteristics of American life, were all part of an over-all battle plan. Had Adlai Stevenson won the 1952 election, Reuther would have had his strategic minority at the fountainhead of government — in the form of the ADA.

As a demagogue, Reuther bows to no man, with the possible exception of Harry S. Truman. At a time when industry accepts collective bargaining as an established fact of life, Reuther continues to raise specters of "union-busting." In a capitalist economy which has created the greatest productive mechanism in the world, he still warns that industry is plotting a planned scarcity — and this from a man who grew up in Detroit, a city which must continually feed its assembly lines or perish. ("You have to be a millionaire to be sick in America," he tells his followers.) An expert on production, he speaks glowingly of a society in which the number of cars manufactured each year will be decided by popular vote.

Reuther is a compiler of statistics, a student of contemporary history, and an astute analyst of the Roosevelt years. As such, he must know that the "recession" of 1937 created

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more unemployment than the bust of 1929, that the Roosevelt administration failed miserably in its economic policies until it put the country on a war production basis, that the Roosevelt-Hopkins answer to mass unemployment was WPA — period. Yet he offers as a slogan, "Not *back* to the New Deal, but forward *from* the New Deal."

This, then, is Walter Reuther, the public man. The private man doesn't smoke or drink, dresses like a middle-rank executive, seldom unbuttons his shirt or loosens his tie, loves Strauss waltzes, holds his colleagues aloof — privately they complain that he is "inhuman" — and carries on his back the monkey of clawing ambition. The magazine writers may say of him — as one did — that "in intellect and personal appearance, he combines the most engaging qualities of Albert Einstein and Van Johnson," but elsewhere the story is different.

Even at death's door, he keeps his life's blueprint in mind. In 1949, a would-be assassin blasted him with a shotgun. The instigators and plotters of the attempt on his life were well known — if not by name, by affiliation. The Communists and the numbers racketeers had worked together, and the plans were made in the office of a Communist labor leader. The Communists wanted Reuther out of the way because they could have regained control of the UAW. The racketeers wanted him dead because he was seeking to drive them out of the auto plants where their take was reportedly $150,000,000 annually in numbers money.

But when the story of this unholy alliance and its role in the Reuther assault was published, Reuther and other UAW officials knocked it down. It was so much more expedient, in the long run, to hint darkly that the auto manufacturers, grown desperate, were responsible.

» He that accuses all mankind of corruption ought to remember that he is sure to convict only one. — *Edmund Burke*

» The only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier, because, in the opinion of others, to do so would be wise or even right. These are good reasons for remonstrating with him, or reasoning with him, or persuading him, or entreating him, but not for compelling him, or visiting him with any evil in case he do otherwise. — *John Stuart Mill*

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DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

The Treasure of May

In the merry month of May, the faith of earth has only devotees. For this green while, at least, backsliders, doubters, relapsed heretics and indifferentists are nowhere in evidence. There is now a unanimity of praise (praise, as the theologians observe, being the primal stuff of prayer) and a full-spirited, one-hearted rejoicing going up to That Which brings it about that anemone and bloodroot are blossoming again in the dark loam, swallows skimming and skittering again over the sunny farmlands, new generations of foxes and raccoons making their first excited explorations of the hollow tree and the den in the field.

This is a season of belief.

The faith of earth, natural religion, the (as it were) spontaneous shout of *Gloria!* and spontaneous flinging up of a man's arms in worshipful acknowledgment, is a thing as ancient and enduring as human life on this planet. Sects are born and die. This particular formulation and that particular formulation, seeking to catch the *Mysterium Tremendum*, prove inadequate or untrustworthy and wither away. Theories are susceptible to skepticism. They fall in an endless succession. But when all that is problematical has been discarded, when shrewdly doubting intellect has demolished syllogism after syllogism and left however many speculative guesses and edifices of conjecture in ruins, still always there remains *this*.

It was so on the first morning. It will be so on the last day. For this "wild religion," this leap of the spirit in a rapturous dance and a worshiping bow toward the Whence-of-being, belongs not to guess or reckoning or calculation or fallibility of any kind. It is because it is. It proceeds from the initial facts of the human creature's creatureliness; it resides in man as man, intimate as breathing, inseparable as hands and feet; it is a part of the inalienable stuff of his spirit. On an antique morning, as particular scriptures put it, there began to be a light that never had been before on land or sea. It cannot go out.

In all specific religions, sects and theologies, faith is held to be a virtue. It is insisted that we earn merit for subscribing to the proposed doctrine, demerit for rejecting it. In a good many of our moods, we may look at this proposition with a cool

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distaste and say, Where is the sense in that? Are we not to examine a creed with our best critical intelligence, decide it is true or decide it is false, and hold that conclusion precisely as we hold that two and two make four or that three and five don't make eighteen? Where is the merit or demerit? What sort of priestly shenanigans have we here?

But this is not, of course, what religious teachings mean by the doctrine that faith is a virtue. What the doctrine means is that when a man is once persuaded, in an insight of completely compelling revelation, to believe the truth of a given faith, it thereinafter becomes meritorious of him to hold fast to this conviction under whatever duress of transient mood, and not to let what has once been given him to know to be made to seem doubtful or dim merely because at the moment he has got a spell of indigestion or must meet a mortgage payment. The doctrine that faith is a virtue, far from being some sort of mystical flummery, is a defense of reason against unreason, conviction against whim, knowledge against mere shifting mood-of-the-moment.

Suppose, for a trivial example, that a man once *knows* — with the whole inrushing compulsion of his faith in mathematics, his faith in maps, his Total Conviction — that the distance from his village to the next village is five miles. Now on a bright May morning, as he trudges along the road from village to village, with bobolinks calling in the spring meadows and chokeberries blooming in the uplands, there attaches no merit to the man's reposing faith in the fact that he is indeed taking a walk of five miles. He has read the maps; he has trusted arithmetic and geography; the May morning conduces to an ease of faith in the reliability of what, in his hour, he *knows*, bone-sure, blood-deep, intellect-positive, whole-souled. He is possessed, if you like, in the fullness of Revelation.

But now suppose on some black and bitter winter midnight, in a time of terror and emergency, he has to make this same trip from village to village. Great events are at issue. Perhaps life and death are at issue. It is black night, bitter cold, the sleeping ice-sheathed trees are like dead trees, and the sleet flies stinging from the north. How far is it now, from village to village? How hard is the way?

In faith, it is five miles. In faith, this route is the same route it was on the May morning, with bobolinks singing and swaying on the sun-warm spears of the meadow-grass. In faith, held fast and sure, these bare and crooked trees are only asleep and at rest. They are not dead, not wicked specters. This darkness is only the friendly dark that is the other half of the sunlight of May morning. This is only ice under foot, only water touched with frost, only (in very truth, not some

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silly fantasy) the treasure, locked in winter conservancy, of the roots of the garden of the world. How far is the way? Five miles, in faith.

But in un-faith? In lost faith, in the terrible tumbling surrender to anti-reason and momentary whim? Why, it is ten miles, it is a hundred miles, it is thousands. This chill of frost is a finger of death, these black trees tower and crook evil hands and snatch at a man, this glaze of ice under panic-flying feet is enough to send him sprawling in nightmare. How far — oh God, oh God — from village to village now? Why, as far as the moon, as far as infinity; impossibly, impossibly far. There is no bearing the burden of this journey.

Faith, says the doctrine, is a virtue. It keeps a man being a man, reposing fast in a knowing of what he knows, and so pole-starred toward reality. Un-faith, says the doctrine, is surrendering of what once it has been given to us to *know*, wholesouledly, to be true. It is thus fundamental betrayal. In such a treachery, we are undone.

This is what the religions have meant by saying that faith is a virtue. They have not meant that the initial act of faith is a virtue, as in the little girl's definition of faith as a meritorious act of "believing what we know to be untrue." The initial faith in all religions is, if you like, a gift; that is to say, it is such a truth offered as may be accepted in surety, in complete conviction, in an embracing motion of the intellect and will. But where virtue lies is in the keeping of this motion as a continuum: the ever-repetition of the initial gesture of entire trust. Is it five miles from village to village, on the May morning? Is this sure, certain, an absolute all-over warranty acceptable by our (as it were) Total Organism? Do we take it so, now, in this sure hour of sunny sense and convinced insight? Very well. Good. This is our faith. But this becomes a faith of any virtue, any power, any manworthiness, only insofar as we are true to our sworn May-morning oath in a temptingly traitorous midnight hour of February storm.

So faith is a virtue, in the religions of the world; and so it is a virtue in that "wild religion, before sects and creeds," that primary aboriginal gesture of the upflung arms and the spirit leaping in praise and trust, that is the religion of nature, perennial and universal. We all have our revelation. We all have our deposit of faith. We are all made to know, in this or that piercing moment of such certainty as passes argument as it exceeds formulation, the things we need to know. We may not, perhaps, be users of religious language. It may not occur to us to think in the terms of Paul on the Damascus road. For all that, the needed "given" is given us, in this sudden hour, that secret flash of inexpressible understanding, this instant (it may be) when we hear a killdeer calling; or

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smell unexpectedly in a gust of wind the scent of a plowed field. We are caught up, inflooded, and informed beyond question. In a motion of our whole spirit, as real as anything we might verbalize in a church formula, it is uttered in the depths of us: I know. I believe entirely.

The faith — this ancient, ancient faith, without any name, this aboriginal and perennial thing, foundationing every particular creed ever constructed — may come to indwell us in any place and hour. About once a year, in May-time, nature contrives that all of us shall be touched and caught up by it almost compellingly. We are all but coerced. It is so easy, now, to believe in the Wisdom creating and sustaining this flowering and singing earth, the Mind infinitely parental and joinable in devotion by our small minds here, that we are made almost to hold the faith without even knowing that we hold it. In this season — with jack-in-the-pulpit blooming in the deep shade of the woods, bullfrogs shouting marsh-credo in our ear, the oriole incredible among the apple-blossoms — we can smile only a sad brief smile, as of incredulity, at that pathetic thing, a pessimist, and feel only a kind of irritated sorrow for one so life-cut-off, so faithless, so sickly withholding as a skeptic.

And so it is in May. It is easy.

But there are other months. Shall we remember the May-truth — piercingly sure of the presence of God as it was at the time — next nineteenth of December or tenth of March? Will the truth of the faith be abiding with us in a blizzard, in a winter midnight, in the moment when there are no "signs"? Will we be sure of our Mayflower sureness, our hepatica credo, our chokeberry *Numen inest*, in the seasons when nature sleeps in seeds?

There is a wise thing to do in May: to go out to it and into it, in an aware concentration, and collect this into a reliquary. Many religions of the world make use of reliquaries. Sometimes they are jeweled and filigreed. Sometimes they have a saint's thumb-joint in them, sometimes a fragment of the founder's cloak, sometimes a holy hair.

The faith of earth can make do with a very simple thing for reliquary: just the treasure, in the mind, of the way the fiddleheads of ferns unroll in May, just the fixed remembrance — but fixed, fixed — of wood pewees calling in a May-time woods, and of our knowing then.

The Wisdom is undoubtable in May. We may get to faltering, along about midwinter. It is wise to have made a reliquary, on these golden mornings now, for carrying in the winters of our disbelief.

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Trading with the ENEMY

By PATRICK McMAHON

SEVERAL senatorial tempers, long stretched taut by the flow of war goods from our European and Asiatic allies to Red China and the Iron Curtain countries, suddenly exploded last February when the Peiping radio boasted that China had received more than a billion and a half dollars' worth of supplies from the West during 1952.

The report, of course, was a phony, probably designed for the very purpose it achieved, to cause dissension among the "free" nations. But like many Communist propaganda phonies, it did contain an element of truth. For the $1.5 billion figure just about hits the 1952 volume of exports from the non-Communist world to all of the Iron Curtain countries.

And like most Communist propaganda, it was very cleverly designed. It hit the center of the most controversial phase of economic relations between the United States and the trading nations of Western Europe and free Asia: the practice of trading with the enemy — regarded by Americans as highly immoral, but traditionally accepted by Europeans as just hard-headed realism.

There is at least one example, however, which if fully appraised in all of its tragic results and effects, should raise doubts even in the minds of our European friends as to just how hard-headed and realistic it is, to trade freely with the enemy.

There is one absolutely vital war material that is not found anywhere within the Soviet perimeter. The material is so essential that no nation lacking an adequate supply could possibly turn out the great masses of arms, munitions, and equipment necessary to wage modern war. Without it no nation could, without risking suicide, pursue an aggressive foreign policy.

The material is industrial diamonds. More than 95 per cent of the world's entire output is distributed through a single agency, the enormously rich and powerful diamond syndicate controlled by deBeers, of London, Johannesburg, and Kimberly.

The story of how this ultra-capitalistic diamond cartel, with the assent if not the outright collaboration of the British government (and to a lesser extent the South African, Belgian, Dutch, Swiss, Swedish, and

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West German governments), directly and indirectly supplied the Communist countries with an adequate stockpile of industrial diamonds, and thus reaped huge profits, may cause more senatorial tempers to explode than did the Red China broadcast last February. It is a story that thus far is known only to a handful of government officials and experts in the diamond trade.

THE STORY cannot be accurately documented. The full facts and figures are known only to a few officials in the Kremlin, and the executives of the diamond syndicate. And neither source is revealing its information. Nevertheless it can, and has been, authenticated in its essential details, and most of the basic facts have long been on file in the Central Intelligence Agency and the Department of State.

The story was first told to this writer in confidence by an infuriated U. S. official — a man who held cabinet rank in the Truman Administration — after he had returned from an acrimonious session with top-level British officials in early 1950. The basic elements were subsequently confirmed by an attaché at the U. S. embassy in Paris, by a former intelligence officer, by an official of the South African government. It has been recently reconfirmed by experts of the diamond trade in New York City, and a few of the details have leaked out in the London press.

Here is what can be pieced together.

As early as 1946 an anonymous official on the lower echelons of the U. S. government wrote a memorandum to his superiors, calling their attention to the fact that incomplete figures of the diamond trade revealed that the Soviet Union was purchasing far above its normal needs of industrial diamonds. Statistics of the diamond trade have always been sketchy. Much of the transactions have traditionally been shrouded in secrecy. Such figures as are available indicate trends, rather than actual volumes.

But at that time the Soviet buyers were actively and openly in the market, buying in large quantities, and bidding top prices.

Moreover, a very substantial proportion of the diamond output aside from the Russian purchases, was disappearing from normal trade channels. More than 95 per cent of the world's output of industrial diamonds comes from Africa, and is marketed through Industrial Distributors, Ltd., a subsidiary of de-Beers. The stones are sold through the London, Kimberly, and Johannesburg offices of Industrial Distributors, to dealers and manufacturing consumers throughout the world. It is a small, closely integrated, highly sensitive trade. Insiders quickly find out just what is going on — who is buying what, and how much they are bidding.

It was generally known at the

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time by members of the trade and government officials alike, that the "lost" volume both of industrial and gem diamonds was being diverted into the currency black market. Britishers and foreigners holding large quantities of sterling were uneasy regarding the status of the pound, then pegged at the artificially high rate of $4.02. They were using their pounds to buy diamonds, and smuggling the stones to Belgium and Switzerland, both "hard currency" countries. The smuggling was not too difficult a task. A couple of million dollars' worth of diamonds could be tucked into a brief case, or small handbag. Once they arrived in Belgium or Switzerland they were sold for Swiss or Belgian francs, freely transferable into any currency in the world. But the diamonds then seemed to drop out of sight.

INTELLIGENCE reports at the time were that the large proportion of the black market diamonds were being bought up by the Soviets at fantastic prices, giving an added incentive to the illicit trade.

At the time the British loan was being negotiated in 1946, the situation was quietly explored by top U. S. officials with the British. This was after the Polish elections, the ruthless *coups* in the Balkans, and the Iranian incident; and during the Soviet-sponsored civil war in Greece. By then the Russians had fully revealed their aggressive hand. Secretary Byrnes had officially abandoned the policy of appeasement. Most of the top diplomats in the Western world had a pretty good idea of what was ahead.

Our officials at the time pointed out to the British that:

1. No nation can turn out mass quantities of war goods without an ample supply of industrial diamonds.

2. That because of the concentration of 95 per cent of the world's output of industrial diamonds in a single British-South African syndicate, it should be a relatively simple thing to restrict the supply going to the Iron Curtain countries — if the British and South African governments, and the syndicate, would take the necessary steps to police the trade.

3. If this were done the Russians would be unable to wage a full-scale war, save at suicidal risk. They probably would be forced to abandon their aggressive tactics.

The British refused. So did South Africa — and so did the syndicate. Although the Russians gradually tapered off their buying in normal channels, the quantities of industrials going into the black market, and thence to the Iron Curtain countries, increased. And with the smugglers bidding against legitimate buyers in the diamond marts, prices and profits rose to fabulous peaks. Reports trickled into Washington from outposts throughout Europe, of the black market diamonds moving from London, Kimberly, and

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Johannesburg to Belgium, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and Germany, then disappearing behind the Iron Curtain. Substantial quantities of high grade industrials were even transferred by diplomatic pouch.

Repeatedly, throughout the period from 1946 to 1950, our officials pleaded with the British and other governments concerned, to take steps to curtail the Soviet diamond stockpile. But the pleas fell on the deaf ears of the "hard-headed realists" of Britain and the continent. The Soviet stockpile continued to grow, and so did the profits of the smugglers and the syndicate.

Not until after the Korean war broke out did our allies take the first feeble steps to restrict the movement of industrial diamonds to Russia and the satellite states. And even today, the controls of most European countries are so lax that experts in the trade say the Soviet purchases are limited solely by their needs. They can no longer buy through legitimate channels. But they can obtain virtually all they need through the still-flourishing black market.

In February, 1952, the *London Times* reported that the Russians were paying as much as three times the quoted price for certain grades of industrial diamonds, in the black market. As a result of the Soviet purchases, the black market buying was so extensive, the *Times* reported, that the official prices of diamonds were being sustained at abnormally high levels.

More recently, however, New York diamond traders have received a far more ominous report. The Russians have virtually moved out of the diamond black market, except for a few special grades for which they are still offering top prices. They have not only reduced their purchases of most grades, but have drastically cut the prices they are offering.

The obvious conclusion, of course, is that the Soviets now feel that their stockpile of all but a few select grades has reached sufficient size to see them through an indefinite period.

There is even some suspicion that the buying the Russians are still doing is of a "preclusive" nature, to prevent the Western countries from obtaining needed supplies, or to force up prices. The stones they are most actively seeking are those which are currently in short supply in New York: one-quarter, one-half, and three-quarter-carat stones. Also, a Belgian manufacturer complains that it is virtually impossible to buy bort (low grade diamonds that are crushed into powder and used in grinding operations) in the Antwerp market, because it is all going into the black market and being bought up by the Russians. One recent unconfirmed report concerned a substantial quantity of high-quality cutting stones moving from London to Sweden, where they were set in drills and shipped to Czechoslovakia, where

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they are being used in the uranium mines.

The importance of Russia's diamond stockpile can be simply illustrated. Consider the process of drawing the fine wires used in radar and electronic equipment. This wire must be so uniform in thickness that its permissible tolerance is measured in infinitesimal fractions of a micron (the smallest unit of measurement.) The only known way to achieve such uniformity is to draw the wire through a diamond die. There is no acceptable substitute. It might be possible to turn out limited quantities of low-efficiency radar and electronic equipment. But the mass production of such equipment, of even the poorest quality, would be impossible without diamond dies.

And that is only one example. Industrial diamonds are used in almost every grinding, polishing, boring, and machining operation of precision parts, where measurements must be accurate to a split hair. Without an ample supply of diamonds, the Russian production of warplanes, tanks, guns, guided missiles, and timing devices would be drastically impeded, if not crippled. Certain carbides developed by the Germans are now being used by the Russians as substitutes for diamonds in some operations. But the use of carbides slows production substantially, and there are numerous essential operations for which carbides are completely unsatisfactory.

The Russians produce no diamonds. None are found, as far as the Western world has been able to learn, any place in the Soviet bloc.

At the time our government first broached with the British the urgency of restricting the flow of diamonds to Russia and the satellites, we ourselves had not officially restricted trade with the Soviet bloc. Nevertheless, scores of American manufacturers were voluntarily rejecting profitable Russian contracts because they deemed it in the best interests of the country. It was the general practice of American industry to consult with the Army, Navy, Air Force and State Department before accepting any Soviet orders. And even when the government gave its okay, the companies frequently turned the contracts down.

And American industrialists are in business to make money just as much as are the Oppenheimers, who head the deBeers group. They must answer for profits and losses to boards of directors that are just as hard-headed and realistic as any European.

In fairness to the syndicate, and the British and European governments, the steps we urged upon them were absolutely unprecedented in normal peacetime trade. It would have required the most rigid policing and the most wholehearted cooperation of the syndicate and all governments concerned (a policing and cooperation which has not yet been

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achieved) to break up the black market. Every dealer would have to account for the disposal of his stones, every end user would have to be checked both as to his purchases and his reasonable requirements. It would have cost the syndicate millions of dollars, and probably driven prices down. It would have caused difficulties in the trade relations between the syndicate and many customers, possibly even some governments.

But the flow of diamonds to the Iron Curtain countries could have been checked. Our own controls prove that. Experts on the New York diamond market say that our controls are so tight that it would be virtually impossible to divert more than a few hundred carats from legitimate uses, without being detected.

And had the hard-headed realists of the diamond cartel and the European governments acted in time?

It is probable that the Soviets would not have dared to embark on the Korean adventure.

It is probable that the Western world would not be burdened by backbreaking taxes to support new defense programs.

It is probable that millions of young men now wearing their countrys' uniforms would be pursuing peacetime occupations.

It is probable that the thousands of Americans, Frenchmen, British, Turks, and South Koreans who have been killed or wounded in Korea, Indo-China, and Malaya, might still be alive and whole.

It is probable that the world would not be — as it is today — living in fear of terrible, atomic war.

* * *

» Our government offers no objection to the carrying on of commerce by our citizens with the people of Russia. Our government does not propose, however, to enter into relations with another regime which refuses to recognize the sanctity of international obligations. I do not propose to barter away for the privilege of trade any of the cherished rights of humanity. I do not propose to make merchandise of any American principles. — *Calvin Coolidge*
(MESSAGE TO CONGRESS, DEC. 6, 1923)

» We Athenians believe that a man who takes no part in public affairs is not merely lazy, but good for nothing. — *Thucydides*
(410 B.C.)

» Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations, that we have forgotten, as a people, the cost of a free and undivided Republic. — *John A. Logan*

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VAGABOND VACATION

BY JUNE WILCOXON BROWN

"A true traveler is always a vagabond, with the joys, temptations and sense of adventure of the vagabond."

LIN YUTANG

IF YOU'RE greeted by a broad-grinning steward like Genaro, who speaks no English, you know you've chosen the right freighter for a vagabond vacation. And, if the skipper is a big Swede with a roguish twinkle like Captain Kristofferson of the Coldemar Line's *Cali*, then you've really hit a maritime jackpot. You can wriggle down to a comfortable position in your deck chair, take a good sniff of tangy sea air flavored with the aroma of roast beef coming from the galley, and make like a Rockefeller.

By freighter it's six days from New York to Barranquilla, Colombia, where my husband, Al, and I would leave the *Cali*. And from there? No plans. This was a revolt against set itineraries.

After Genaro showed us to our stateroom — large enough for a lounging area with sofa, chairs, and a table flaunting a vase of fetching artificial forget-me-nots — we wandered out on deck to watch the crew load cargo and the stevedores skillfully manipulate the creaking booms that looked like skinny dinosaurs swinging the huge boxes from the dock to the hold.

When hatches were secured and tarpaulins in place, impudent little tugboats, hoarsely squawking their power, nudged our ship out of its slip, while we got acquainted with the only other passengers aboard: two pretty, dark-eyed señoritas from Colombia, returning home after a year in the States. Their English was limited and so was our Spanish, but we managed to learn a good deal about them — Al admitted that talking with my hands *can* have advantages.

Our first meal aboard began with smoked eel, fancy Norwegian sardines and a variety of excellent cheese. And there was no relaxing of interest after that. Although the food wasn't brought in daily by helicopter from the Waldorf, we certainly had no complaints — ever — about quality or quantity. And one morning for breakfast there was a Spanish omelet that endeared France, the cook, to me for life.

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Over coffee that first evening Captain Kristofferson began his never-ending repertoire of hilarious stories. He told us about the Goajira Indians of Colombia, who for five cows buy their wives, whom they treat as servants. "When I retire, I'm going down there with ten cows," the Captain said with crinkles at the corners of his blue eyes, "and end my days with two women waiting on me."

He related, too, how the Indian chief, arriving in a purple Cadillac over the community's single mile of road, greeted him with much ceremony when he used to go in by ship to load salt from the mines. The chief would present him with an Indian headdress of feathers, which was invariably too large and rested on his nose. Sitting solemnly around a table, the chief, his aides, and the captain would all drink together, and then sit in silence with arms folded on their chests. "Whenever there was movement, I would pull two feathers apart and peek out," Captain Kristofferson said in his Swedish brogue. "If the Indians were having another round, I'd grab the bottle, take a swig, emit a satisfied 'Ugh,' and, folding my arms across my chest, settle back again to my feathers."

THE NEXT MORNING after breakfast, Al and I established our daily routine. We went astern to check the log, a fascinating gadget which, by some miracle my unmechanical mind refuses to wrestle with, measures the mileage of the ship. After that the day was filled with walks around deck, reading, talking to the crew, or lolling in a deck chair to watch passing ships, flying fish, and porpoises. Our favorite perch, though, was the roof of the wheel house, where we stretched out in the sun to enjoy the unobstructed view of the ship and the ocean. After this strenuous activity, we were always ready to go to bed early, and Genaro was thoughtful enough to have fresh apples and pears in our stateroom for a bedtime snack. He also relieved

What the "Vagabond Vacation" Cost the Browns:

(Expenses for two)

Freighter from New York to Barranquilla	$240.00
Barranquilla to Cartagena	2.00
Cartagena to Miami	200.00
Miami to Chicago	110.00
Rooms and meals	95.50
Tips	25.00
Entertainment, sightseeing, etc.	20.00
	$692.50

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us of the back-breaking labor of turning down our beds and laying out our pajamas.

Genaro did, however, have his peculiarities — even as you and the African daisy. He served a demitasse spoon with oversized grapefruit, a deed which in time could lead even the most stalwart to a psychiatrist. He put toilet paper in the holder the wrong way. (Al tried changing this several times, but Genaro was invincible.) One rough day, when the dining saloon chairs kept falling over, he explained with gestures deadly to a queasy stomach that the chairs were seasick. But his unique way of serving our breakfast oranges was his *pièce de résistance*. He cut off all the skin except a small section into which he thrust a fork. The first morning we faced an orange prepared thus, we weren't certain how to approach it. Finally we took our courage by the scruff of the neck, clutched the fork in the right hand and began munching the fruit as if it were an apple on a stick. Half-way through we decided it wasn't such a bad way of serving it after all. But we never got over feeling a little silly holding a fork that had been stabbed into the navel of a large orange. Genaro's perpetual grin and eagerness to please, though, made up for it.

Captain Kristofferson helped us pass the days by showing us the immaculate engine room, chart room, and pilot house. We saw the fathometer for measuring ocean depths, a smoke detector which warns of fire, and a radarscope that makes anything within a radius of 25 miles visible in fog or darkness. And the last night aboard he treated us to the famous — or infamous, depending upon how you awaken the next morning — Swedish Punch.

Al and I were up at dawn, craning our necks for the sight of land like a couple of eager albatrosses. We weren't going to miss seeing the ship dock at Barranquilla. The sea was rough and my heart pitched with the small motorboat that labored over the high waves to bring the *Cali* a pilot. With sure footing, though, the pilot swung up the rope ladder let down the side, and the twelve-mile trip from the mouth of the Magdalena River to the docks of Barranquilla began.

Mud huts with thatched roofs crouched under straggly palms along the river bank, but we also passed attractive bungalows and modern industrial plants bustling like bargain basements. Likewise, beside motorboats, hand-hewn canoes glided along under tattered sails. This contrast of modern and primitive seems the trademark of today's Colombia.

Approaching the docks of Barranquilla, we could see the well-kept warehouses and the tall, streamlined buildings of glass and steel in the main part of the city.

The immigration officials' Spanish was too rapid for us; so we handed them our visas, grinned and nodded.

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They grinned and nodded, fingered the papers, grinned and nodded some more, returned our visas, grinned and nodded again. Keeping up this game, I backed out of the main saloon and fell over the door tread.

As soon as we cleared customs, Chico, a rotund cab driver, affixed himself to us with the determination of a New Jersey mosquito, and we went into the city to find a hotel. We told Chico we wanted a strictly native place where we wouldn't see any American tourists. He obliged by taking us to the Hotel Real.

With its high ceilings, slightly shabby rooms, and strange assortment of lobby characters, the Hotel Real could well have been something out of a Moroccan movie. It's only for the adventurous in spirit. The Astoria, Victoria, and Alhambra are recommendable. For those looking for Arabian night elegance — and willing to pay for it — there is the Del Prado Hotel with its swimming pool, wide tree-shaded terraces and gardens.

Our room at the Hotel Real overlooked a lumber yard, and any afternoon nap was taken to the accompaniment of the shriek of an electric saw. Our day usually began with the lusty operatic aria of a rooster, and our sleep was frequently interrupted by a canine concerto.

Anything the Hotel Real lacked in comfort, though, was made up in hospitality, and Al got a chuckle over seeing the good old American name of "Brown" posted in inch-high letters on the hotel's bulletin-board type of register along with the "Gomezes" and "Heranandezes." The food was good, and plentiful, too. For breakfast there was a generous chunk of bright yellow papaya, eggs, toast, and *cafe con leche*. Both noon and evening meals were four courses: soup, fish, main course, and dessert. Desserts were the most complete departure from North American fare. Served in strange little dishes Al called "little ashtrays," they were delicious, but sweet and rich, like marmalade made from cocoanuts, bananas, or other tropical fruit.

To us, the most picturesque buildings in Barranquilla were the old Spanish churches: San Roque, San Nicolas, and San Jose. With their tall spires, flowered patios, and cool, whitewashed interiors, mellowed by time and use, they were practically the only reminder of Spanish Colonial days in this modern industrial city. New functional designs have claimed the office buildings and many of the homes in the swank, well-kept Prado residential district with its wide, tree-lined boulevards and palm-studded parks.

We spent two entertaining hours worming our way through the public market: a medley of crowded push carts, thickly packed stalls, the hum of bargaining Spanish voices, and the smell of ripe tropical fruit, baked goods, new leather shoes, yard goods, and human bodies.

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SINCE we had decided that our next stop in Colombia would be the historically rich old city of Cartagena, a hundred miles by road from Barranquilla, we took the bus so we could see some inland country. The stated capacity of the vehicle was 37, but never were less than forty aboard, including the crew of four who ran it. Luggage, furniture, and bird cages were carried on top, Okie style, and, bulging at the seams, we started off, one passenger sucking a harmonica, while another's Pekinese dog registered complaint.

Religious pictures decorated the front of the bus above the driver and one large painting of the Virgin Mary was completely encircled with artificial roses. These religious symbols must accomplish their purpose. It's more than gravity that holds those top-heavy busses to the bumpy road when they careen down hills and around curves.

The villages along the way were made up mostly of primitive mud huts with thatched roofs. A sharp contrast to the modern urban areas. Every time the bus paused at one of these villages, hordes of shouting native children descended upon us with cold drinks, hot tamales, and fruit. Then once again we'd be off, harmonica, yapping Pekinese, *et al.*, thundering down the road.

At the bottom of one hill, a rope, held by a half-dozen pretty girls, stretched across the highway with red, yellow, and green kerchiefs tied to it. When the bus trembled to a halt, the girls clambered aboard, giggling and laughing, to pin tiny bits of ribbon on the passengers while soliciting contributions for a church festival. With typical Colombian affability, everyone was good-natured over the delay.

Four hours after we boarded the bus we arrived in Cartagena. A porter carried our luggage through the graceful arch of the Public Clock Tower into the quaint old wall-enclosed section of the city to the Hotel Plaza Bolivar, recommended to us by Señor Mendez, who had come to our rescue in Barranquilla when we were having language difficulties over the purchase of stamps. He also had told us to communicate with Señor Ciceron Granger, who managed a travel agency in Cartagena and spoke fluent English. Our casual encounter with Señor Mendez turned out to be as solid as money from home. The Hotel Plaza Bolivar was exactly what we wanted, and Señor Granger, whom we looked up immediately, appointed himself our personal guide.

Although less than five years old, the Hotel Plaza Bolivar is architecturally Old Spanish with an arcaded front and overhanging balconies. A large room with private bath and three superb meals a day cost the two of us only a little over $10; and this included a demitasse of sweetened black coffee brought to us each morning at seven o'clock

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by a bright-faced chambermaid. A South American custom that reduced my "morning age" a good twenty-five years.

SINCE he handled all cruise ship tours of the city, Señor Granger suggested we join a group from the United Fruit ship "Veragua" the Monday morning after our arrival. We rode with him in the official car, and for the first time we were the people standing on the pier looking up at the tourists instead of tourists looking down at the people on the pier. From the beginning I was an object of conjecture. Although dressed like an American, my dark skin and eyes could be Spanish; but I was jolted a bit when the passengers began to come off the ship and a hefty woman sidled up to me and said very slowly and distinctly, "Do you speak English, dearie?"

On our tour we visited the weathered old convent on La Popa hill which overlooks the city; the Fortress of San Felipe with its sloping underground passages and massive walls; the beautiful old San Pedro Claver Church, rich in history and legend, where the remains of the saint repose; and the Asilo de Huerfanas (Orphanage Asylum), where we watched orphan girls embroider and kindly-faced nuns make lace. We were deeply touched when the young girls began to sing a hauntingly melodious hymn in their sweet, sad young voices.

Later we rode on part of the thick gray wall that surrounded the section of the city that was founded in 1533 and became the greatest fortress on the Spanish Main. Formidable, imposing, and in excellent condition, the old wall possesses a beauty and charm reminiscent of Old Spain. Señor Granger told us that, when his mother was young, she used to dance on one wide section during fiestas.

The tour also visited the shopping area. Mogollon's is the largest store in Cartagena, but surrounding it are several other worthwhile shops where tortoise shell articles and handmade silver jewelry are good buys. From the shopping district we drove through the beautiful palm-shaded Boca Grande residential district to the Caribe Hotel for lunch. Situated on a spit of land that overlooks the sea on one side and a quiet lagoon on the other, the Caribe is Cartagena's luxury hotel.

Later that day Señor Granger showed us the busy public market with its endless merchandise and smells, and the modernistic baseball stadium. Its daring roof structure, supported without columns to interfere with the spectators, looks like a great sweeping shell and has been acclaimed in architectural magazines all over the world.

WE ALSO visited Pastelillo Fortress, the first of the fortifications built for Cartagena's defense. This charming little fortress is now

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the Club de Pesca (Fishing Club) and you may sit on its shaded terraces and enjoy a cool drink or a fine meal along with the splendid view of the harbor.

To us one of the most inviting spots in Cartagena was the quiet little Plaza de Bolivar across from our hotel. Worn marble benches, palm trees, and vine-covered fountains gave it a timeless atmosphere which was accented by the old buildings and the Spanish Cathedral looking down on it.

Every evening after dinner we rested on one of its benches. Then after a while we would wander down the spotlessly clean but narrow, twisting streets, faintly lighted by iron street lamps. From open doorways came the soft murmur of Spanish voices or the faint rhythm of Spanish music from a secluded patio. Mellowed by four centuries of living, the old residences with their overhanging balconies and huge thick wooden doors presented a picture of peace and tranquillity that made all the troubles of the world seem far away.

After a few days the friendly people of Cartagena whom we'd seen once or twice were speaking to us on the street. And one afternoon when we took a bus through the Boca Grande section, the driver wouldn't let us pay our fare. He conveyed to us in Spanish and by sign language that we were visitors in the city and he wanted us to be his guests. Two especially pleasant hours were spent in a park with several Colombian soldiers, so fresh from Korea they were still sweltering in their woolens while waiting for tropical uniforms. Colombia is the only South American country to send soldiers to Korea, and they received a unit citation from General Van Fleet for their worthwhile contribution.

SINCE we had been unable to find a freighter back to the States, we decided to fly back by way of Jamaica and spend a few days in Kingston. That's part of the fun of a vagabond vacation. You aren't bound by any set schedule.

World ports like Kingston always hold enchantment. I like the smell of the waterfront and the sight of the sleek vessels resting at the docks. Two United States destroyers were in port, and sailors in crisp whites moved in on the city like a plague of white locusts. Particularly amusing were two sailors in a tremendous black touring car with a chauffeur. One, shoes off and feet propped up on the back of the front seat, was smoking a cigar. From his roost he looked down on the walking sailors with the smug satisfaction of an Oriental potentate.

Al and I covered Kingston by bus and on foot. We visited the Institute of Jamaica and spent hours poring over the museum's exhibits of island animal and bird life; relics of the Arawak Indians, who inhabited Jamaica when Columbus discovered

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it in 1494; and many articles — coins, instruments of torture, clothing, etc. — from Spanish Colonial days. We also wandered through the sprawling acres of colorful, exotic flowers and trees that make up Hope Botanical Gardens. And we pushed through the crowded public market, where the most curious sight was a man with a rope of chewing tobacco coiled up in front of him on the ground like an Indian fakir's rope. He sold the tobacco by the foot, and we watched him take up a ruler and measure off a good-sized length for a customer.

The British custom of driving on the left-hand side of the road made a whirling Dervish out of me when I crossed the street, and the monetary system of pounds, shillings and threepence reminded me that I once flunked math, but then even the Garden of Eden had a frayed fig leaf or two.

When we left Kingston the airport hostess handed us a rum punch with the compliments of Jamaica. The next morning we were shivering in a cold Chicago rain, but we agreed this was our best vacation. Traveling by freighter, taking advantage of tourist and night-coach planes, and avoiding luxury hotels, we proved to ourselves that, without skimping, we could take an eighteen-day vacation outside the country on a modest budget.

Of course, the 45 cents Al won on the Colombian lottery helped.

» There is no such thing as a little country. The greatness of a people is no more determined by their number than the greatness of a man is determined by his height. — *Victor Hugo*

» Every American child should learn at school the history of the conquest of the West. The names of Kit Carson, of General Custer and of Colonel Cody should be as household words to them. These men as truly helped to form an empire as did the Spanish conquistadores. Nor should Sitting Bull, the Short Wolf, Crazy Horse, and Rain-in-the-Face be forgotten. They too were Americans, and showed the same heroic qualities as did their conquerors.

— *Robert Bontine Cunninghame Graham*
(IN A LETTER TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT)

» A patient one day presented himself to Abernethy; after careful examination the celebrated practitioner said, "You need amusement; go and hear Grimaldi; he will make you laugh, and that will be better for you than any drugs."

"My God," exclaimed the invalid, "but I *am* Grimaldi!"

— *Cesare Lombroso*

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RED *threat* TO AMERICAN INDUSTRY

By JACOB SPOLANSKY

THE intelligence services of the Defense Department and the F.B.I. are doing a splendid job of safeguarding military secrets; but despite this vigilance, all of the investigative agencies of the government are of little help to American industry in meeting its immediate and pressing problem of internal security. The crucial problem of maintaining industrial security concerns management.

Not until our American industrialists and our managerial brains take an active and serious interest in the affairs of their own security departments, can the problem really be met successfully.

Governmental intelligence services, in their relations with industry, confine themselves to giving general advice without any direct assistance unless a contract exists that covers highly classified items. The F.B.I. is limited to actual crimes against the United States, and no matter how menacing an employee may appear, he cannot be removed until he has been proved guilty of an overt act.

Until recently, this entire job of defining proper security was handled by industrial management with vacillation and uncertainty. Within the past three months, several conferences took place in the East in which all phases of industrial security were discussed.

These meetings were attended by representatives of every intelligence service of the Defense Department, the F.B.I., and the Security Section of the Atomic Energy Commission. There was no illusion in the minds of these men concerning the importance of their task.

The major loopholes are these:

The prevailing tendency among certain industrial executives is to view the entire matter of industrial security half-heartedly, regarding this vital job as something that belongs in the category of intangibles and of non-productive overhead. These executives are prone to regard this job with indifference and most of industrial management shows a total lack of interest in this entire problem.

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KARL H. BAARSLAG, National Americanism Research Director of the American Legion, an outstanding expert on subversive activities, stated that there are less than one hundred qualified countersubversive experts in the United States outside of the governmental agencies.

However, there is evidence that an ever-growing number of executives are beginning to take an active role in security in their own plants. This sound approach was vividly demonstrated at the recent conference of the General Electric Company at its plant in Schenectady, New York. This gathering, held on February 17th, 1953, was one of the best-planned and most informative of its kind, and was attended by several high-ranking officers of the company, all of whom took an active part in the proceedings.

Another optimistic note is the increasing utilization by industry of some of the best available men to handle its job of industrial security.

ANENT this awesome contest, we know but little of what our enemy has in store for us. But the little we do know suffices to present us with a terrifying picture. Only recently, General Bedell Smith, former chief of the Central Intelligence Agency, admitted that Moscow is far ahead of us in intelligence matters. This was an understatement.

We must recognize that we are dealing with a skillful, criminal conspiracy on a worldwide scale and that Communists, Communist sympathizers, and fellow travelers are criminals, legally and morally, and that this concept should remain foremost in our minds in combatting subversion and sabotage in American industry.

In our past dealings with Communism we have committed terrible blunders, and acted the role of unwitting accomplices before and after the Communists' criminal acts in their drive for world domination. We have overlooked the fact that Communist tactics may change but that the central proposition of their credo is immutable.

We now realize, or should, that within the continental boundaries of the United States, the Reds have entrenched themselves solidly in our industries, in our labor unions, and in governmental institutions; and that for many, many years they have enjoyed a moratorium from prosecution and an immunity of silence on the part of the vast majority of our ill-informed American people.

We realize now, or should, that we have lost the cold war, that we have been checkmated in our hot war.

In the field of diplomacy, we fell into every trap set by the masterminds of the Kremlin.

In psychological warfare, we have failed miserably: many of those who pretend to be our friends actually hate and envy us.

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But what we do have, and what is still virile and strong, is American industry. It is our strongest line of defense. Only American industry separates us from complete annihilation at the hands of the Red colossus, and no one knows this better than our enemies.

IN THE Communists' penetration of American industry, their tactics are heavily weighted with apparent concern for the welfare of the workers, for better wages and better working conditions. These ostensible goals of the Bolshevists are inherent in the whole field of labor relations operations. In this field, which is but one branch of all Communist teachings, they endeavor to enlist the unwitting support of America's non-Communist workers for this part of their over-all program, and thus gain strength for the rest of their program also. But it must be remembered that the Reds reject at the same time all hope of real reforms without a revolution.

Thus, wrecking the existing order of our economy by constant demands for higher wages, and by slowing down production through strikes, the Communists wield weapons that will lead eventually to general industrial collapse.

Red teamwork, which requires constant communication, signals, supervision, and training, has been developed to the highest degree of efficiency. Having perpetrated hundreds of industrial upheavals, the Communists' knowledge, based on past performances, is professional in quality and intensity of application. They can utilize their know-how with the same precision and results that obtain from assiduous application of scientific and engineering experience. They have strong leadership, emotional faith, and a general-staff type of control.

It is therefore imperative for industrial management and for others responsible for industrial security to understand with the greatest exactness the secret plans and directives of the Red conspiracy.

As long as the Communist drive for control and ultimate destruction of our industrial plants combines both frontal and secret attack, ordinary measures for our self-protection are useless.

One carefully calculated and clearly delineated blueprint for our industrial destruction is, fortunately, in the hands of American authorities. Here are a few choice excerpts from this diabolical directive. Let him who lazily believes that industrial security is just another non-productive nuisance in our smooth-running industrial machine, read these commands from Moscow on how best to destroy his factory, his nation, and himself: The directive's title is:

THE ABC OF SABOTAGE

To All Political Instructors [*i.e., Communist Party agents*], *Communist Auxiliary Organizations, Leaders of Com-*

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munist Factions in Trade Unions, and all "S" [i.e., sabotage] Units.

Now for some of the choice morsels of this document:

> The organization of *Action Committees* in all armament and munitions factories, in commercial and naval shipyards, in railroad centers, in all harbors and on all ships trading from American ports: These Action Committees should be composed of the most militant and reliable elements. The duty of the Action Committees is to distribute anti-war literature, call anti-war meetings, carry on daily discussions among the workers, *organize strikes* and otherwise *obstruct* the manufacture and transport of war materials.

But that's only a starter in this blueprint for America's downfall . . .

> . . . the organization of *Red Vigilante Committees* everywhere to check and report on armament orders and consignments of war materials. The Vigilante Committees should consist only of tested comrades. Their special duty is to gather exact information on the amounts and quality of war goods ordered, on the dates of their shipment (names of ships, railroad schedules, photographs of labels on packing cases and freight cars), and reliable data on the destination of such war transports. . . .

And now, here's a nice bit that was especially devised for our men in the armed forces . . .

> . . . Intensified activity in the formation of Communist nuclei in naval shipyards and aboard warships' in the National Guard, the CCC camps, the Coast Guard, and in all branches of the Army. The chief task of these nuclei should be the *demoralization* and the undermining of *discipline* of soldiers and sailors.

Who negotiates for the union men who work in your plant? If he's a Communist Party member, he knows this one by heart:

> Our chief means for the obstruction of the manufacture and transport of war materials is the strike. Every strike, although begun by advancing minor economic demands in behalf of the workers, is a high form of political combat. The only higher forms of political combat are armed demonstrations and armed insurrections.

And now a glimpse at some of the instructions:

> (a) Mobilize all available forces. Strikes do not "break out." Strikes must be prepared by a militant minority.
>
> (b) Strive to provoke violent clashes between strikers and police. Police violence in the course of strikes helps to impart a political character to the struggle, thus lifting it to a higher plane of *revolutionary warfare.*

But the Bolshevists aren't through with you yet . . . they're just warming up. Here's more of their secret directive:

> The fundamental principle of sabotage consists in finding the most vulnerable link in the process of production or transport — and to *slash*

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it at a time when it is needed most by the class enemy. The use of fire and explosives (the burning or blasting of munitions factories and ships, the blasting of railroads, strategic bridges, etc.) should be limited to centrally planned, large-scale actions. Instructors will be assigned to special groups to train them in the use of explosives.

Several methods may be used to start fires in factories, storage depots, or ships' holds. The use of rags soaked in kerosene is the simplest and cheapest. They can easily be thrown through windows, air shafts, hatches, or through the ventilators into ships' holds . . .

And now for a few refinements in the Reds' pattern of treatment for our machinery . . . all devised especially for you, in the Kremlin!

In treating machinery (motors, turbines, ships' engines, etc.) the use of sand, ground glass, grit, cement, steel filings and the like is most effective if such materials are mixed with the lubricants or inserted into engine cylinders. A pailful of sand, correctly applied, *is sufficient to disable a factory, warship, or the largest liner*, necessitating days and often weeks of repair.

The motors of trucks, tanks, airplanes, etc., carried in steamers' holds, are easily disabled by sprinkling their parts, first with cement and then with water. A ship at sea at night should afford the comrades of our sea-going S (sabotage) units ample time to enter the ship's holds unnoticed for this purpose. . . .

Certain cargoes may be completely destroyed with little difficulty by a simple application of water. It often suffices to turn the ventilators into the wind at night during heavy weather, when seas are breaking over the ship's railings . . .

. . . our activists have followed the aim *not to destroy spectacularly* . . . but to *delay the destruction*, to give the wrecking of a ship, a railroad, or factory, or airplane, the character of an *unavoidable accident*. The more difficult it is during later investigations to determine the cause of a certain "accident," the better has been the work of the saboteurs . . .

And as a final collation of tidbits from the Communist menu of disaster, please consider this practical advice to saboteurs:

The timer on a motor, or the altitude meter or speedometer, may be set wrong by a margin small enough to pass casual inspection but large enough eventually to wreck the machine.

Small piston rings may be cracked with a hammer or stone, or even by hand, before they are installed, causing the engine to fail when put under sudden strain.

. . . the above suggestions serve to indicate that there is *practically no limit* to the number of ways and means of forcing the enemy's machines to come to a standstill.

Beware of arrested comrades who are released without apparent reason shortly after their arrest.

No sentimentalities! Kill all the traitors! With International Salute!

CENTRAL CONTROL COMMISSION
"S" APPARAT.

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WHAT are the Reds doing in the United States to implement this pattern of industrial chaos?

Shortly after the end of World War II, a wider and more efficient espionage plan was developed through the use of satellite states, embassies, military attachés, and consular offices. It was here that Red infiltration into American industry was perfected. The Committee on Un-American Activities of the U. S. House of Representatives secured secret instructions received by one of the Red military attachés in one of the satellite countries. The main points of the latest system stress that all groups of supervisory personnel have no connection with each other, each having its own agents and informants; that each locality receive special attention with regard to its supervisory agents and lower-echelon spies, and that each separate apparatus be mobile, and be able to supply data according to specific requirements. Detail work in forming all espionage posts is confined to a small, compact group of Red supervisors, and the individual agents continue exclusively in their regular fields.

For actual intelligence work, only Communists in high places, and with wide social connections, are engaged.

The whole structure of Communist espionage and intelligence works from the top down. There is no "horizontal" contact between informants and post supervisors. Means of instruction are limited to personal orders, liaison men, and drops. Frequent and direct contacts between supervisors and secret agents are avoided as much as possible. The Reds' recruiting process is unique. Prospects are kept on probation for a time, and their assignments are varied and unrelated to each other so that maximum safety is insured as to their reliability.

Needless to say, the new recruits undergo the most painstaking investigation by the Communists themselves before they are allowed to take up jobs of more importance.

In 1948, the Communist Party in the United States ordered thousands of its members to drop all official party affiliations. They were told to stay away from party meetings and other party affairs until further notice. Later, they were contacted and informed of an underground plan to hide party members. This was known as the Greek Plan, which called for the establishment of new, secret, message centers; new locales for concealing party literature; and for the acquisition of high-powered radio transmitters and receivers. Printers were contacted and instructed to build up large, secret supplies of paper. Arrangements were made for the assembly, on short notice, of thousands of mimeograph machines.

SIMULTANEOUSLY, a master plan for underground organization was put into operation. Called the

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"Three System," it is based on a pyramid of three-member, or triangular, units. This apparatus, now perfected and considerably expanded in America, is set up in the following manner:

The top triangular unit consists of three members. First comes the political director; then the organization director; and finally, the mass organization specialist.

In the next-lower echelon there are three subordinate triangles which take their orders from the members of the top triangle. Each three-member unit on this second-level has under it three subordinate triangular cells of its own, so that the membership apparatus fans out in a geometrical progression.

In this fashion, an organized Communist worker can operate very effectively in any shop and yet know personally only six other Communist workers — his counterpart in the higher triangle, the other two members in his own triangle, and the three subordinate counterparts in the next-lower triangle.

A successful penetration into this system was made by the Senate Committee for Internal Security, reaching a depth of five levels. The investigation, covering a labor union with a membership of eleven thousand, revealed that there were 363 highly organized and disciplined Communists in that particular body, which has union members in every important higher and lower educational institution in Greater New York. Of course, Communist influence in unionized shops radiates far wider than the number of actual members of the party.

In another inquiry conducted by the House Committee on Un-American Activities, its investigators were able to penetrate one top triangle of the Communist apparatus, and its report showed that the Communists had made wide gains in Local 155 of the United Electrical Workers, whose members are employed in 52 plants in the electrical industry, and that this great success by the Reds had been made known to Russ Nixon, a high official of the United Electrical Workers. Nixon's reaction to the Communist Party's elated statement on its great success in Local 155, was:

"I don't give a damn about 155. I am more interested in the building of the Communist Party organization in General Electric, Westinghouse, and R.C.A. Unless the Communist Party is going to rebuild on a solid foundation within these three plants, then the U.E.W. certainly will not be able to carry on its program and its policies in correct manner and fashion within those plants."

In case you don't quite believe your eyes, let me repeat that the man who spoke the above words was a high official in the U.E.W., which union has members in R.C.A., Westinghouse, and in General Electric. What the "correct manner and fashion" of America's Communists are and must be according

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to Moscow's own directives, we can see at a glance by returning to the deadly orders in the Communist "ABC of Sabotage," as outlined earlier in this article.

ONLY a few weeks ago, a young man who is a walking encyclopedia on sabotage and Red espionage, of which he was a part for 15 years, revealed his story to two investigators of the Senate Committee on Internal Security. He escaped last year from Communist Poland, where he had spent eighteen months in top positions in the trade union set-up of that unhappy land. His membership in the Communist Party started in 1936, and while in the party he carried out important assignments of infiltration and espionage for Moscow.

His first specific job was in the Grasselli Chemicals Division of E. I. duPont de Nemours & Co. This job was known as "Operation Chemical Compound." He not only was able to secure a secret chemical formula but he also made out a comprehensive report on mixtures of ingredients, boiling reactions and temperature readings and other procedures involving the product. The Communist Party supplied him with a chemist so that he could compile intelligently a final report covering all the processes dealing with the finished production of this chemical compound. In addition to all this, he was able to steal a number of samples!

His next assignment was the stealing of blueprints from the General Motors diesel engine plant in Cleveland, which was then engaged in production of landing craft for the U. S. Navy. An inspector's job was procured for him by the party, a post that gave him access to the blueprint room. The party provided him with help for successful, temporary removal of the desired blueprints, and photostatic equipment was made convenient for his use in making copies quickly, after which he returned the originals to their proper place. Note that this entire job was carried out smoothly and successfully despite a very rigid and thorough control enforced by the company for security purposes.

Remember that these few examples are not just isolated cases. They clearly point to a grand plan of destruction for American industry, and finally, of America itself.

NEED I point out that the same Julius Rosenberg who succeeded in securing employment with the U. S. Signal Corps, and in a highly classified post with the Emerson Radio Corporation, had been a spark plug and the leader of a Communist cell not long prior to that, in college; and that his espousal of Communism took place long before he was enabled to practice that terrible treachery that finally ended in his death sentence? Need it be emphasized further, that America's top industrial management must get

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behind its security men with all possible speed and wholehearted support?

How many Rosenbergs are still on the loose in our plants? What are we doing to alert the 90 per cent or more of our good, God-fearing and loyal American working men, those millions of intelligent and patriotic workers who so desperately need a sound educational program, as part of our vital security effort?

Let American industry pool its security information with all possible haste; let it take up the job, badly needed and long neglected, of sound liaison work and the centralization of all efforts pertaining to its common security. Let us utilize every means and medium of education for our workers, whose cooperation is so vital to a program of effective security. Give our loyal workers a chance to help us in this hitherto unequal struggle! American industrial management has spent untold millions in research; it has devoted untold hours of time and effort in bettering production methods, and in sales promotion and advertising, and for public relations programs. Now the time is already overdue when American industrial management must gravely ponder and act upon a program of its own internal security, a program that is so vastly important that it dwarfs all the others, and one that will demand all the energy and ability management can muster. That program is placed upon its shoulders by the grim command of survival, and failure to heed it may well mean the eventual destruction of all American industry and the annihilation of the whole free world.

» I had my sleeping car in mind for many years. I wanted to build the car and made up my mind that to succeed in my life's dream, it was necessary to have some money and a good deal of it. I began by eliminating a number of things to which I had grown accustomed. Cigars were among them. I had been in the habit of paying five cents apiece for my cigars. I gave them up and many other things too. The total did not amount to much, but the habit was valuable, for I learned that I could do without many other things that before that time I thought were absolutely essential to my well-being.

— *George M. Pullman*

» . . . I have never quite been able to feel that half-masted flags were appropriate on Decoration Day. I have rather felt that the flag should be at the peak, because those whose dying we commemorate rejoiced in seeing it where their valor placed it.

— *Benjamin Harrison*

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Poor Old Rabelais

By CHARLES RUFFING

RECENTLY I noticed, quite by accident, the back covers of two popular magazines and was surprised to find that both Pancho Gonzales and Jascha Heifetz drank the same brand of beer.

This fortuitous observation aroused my curiosity and, never having been credited as being an especially observant person, I examined other magazines about the house to see whether, perhaps, I had been neglecting to keep abreast of social trends. I found (not to my surprise, for long ago I disciplined myself to accept modernization as it evolved) four other fields represented by leading exponents in their respective professions as being drinkers of this identical brand of beer. Not wishing to involve further personalities, I shall refrain from mentioning them by name; but I would like to add that this quartet plus the forementioned duo constituted a cross-section of American life.

As previously stated, I readily accept modern trends regardless of how shocking they may appear at first. But, there is one retarding element to my disposition and this is sentimentality, a damning characteristic, to be sure. So, considering myself as a modern, yet somewhat human, I usually rationalize this weakness in some manner or other, such as calling a rose by another name. But, the case in point regarding this weakness is that I cannot help wondering how such men as Villon, Mozart, Van Gogh, Dostoevski, *ad infinitum*, could have used the hard cash that surely must accompany such testimonials. Perhaps the old masters would merely have drunk more, spent more time at the roulette tables, been seen with more ladies while, otherwise, continuing their destined duties in their respective arts.

However, many centuries ago it would have been amusing, as one of Socrates' students, to find the wise man teaching at the foot of the Acropolis, the side of which bore a giant picture of him guzzling his preferred beverage. (Perhaps then his wife would have thought better of him). Or, even four and a half centuries ago to have passed by a billboard across from Notre Dame and seen a large painting of Rabelais with his arm around the younger Montaigne, each toasting the other with glasses of beer below a caption reading *Because Of This Beer France Will Live Forever*. Yet, history tells us that France (for example) has

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survived and without the use of lusty, overt testimonials to that fact from prominent men spotting each mounting decade. But we will never know — we can only theorize — how much better the continental nations would have weathered the erosive centuries had national morale been bolstered by bold, blatant declarations of its leaders crediting their respective successes to a certain brand of beer. A certain brand which could be purchased in any tavern and thereby enjoyed by men of the street. This association by the average man of being able to "share" so-and-so's favorite drink might have saved these countries many a caste war and perhaps even benefited them in other affairs of state.

Regardless of how unfair this comparison may be, I must confess in all honesty that someday I would like to become a minor man of distinction (to distinguish from those who prefer stronger beverages but also pose) and be photographed with a bottle of beer framing a brand-new, spotless Smith-Corona. I would have a satisfied look on my face because the remunerations for such attestations must be lavish indeed.

Perhaps I could make a living by merely posing for different advertisements. Of course, my diet might be a bit irregular, but then think of the money. Children would look at my picture on cereal boxes as they ate breakfast and in varying phrases they'd say, "Gee, I'd like to grow up and be like him." My beaming face would smile down on chic secretaries riding buses and subways to work and they would sigh. Their mornings would be brightened even before their working days began. The secretaries' employers would smile back at my enlarged face on billboards as the men commuted from their suburban homes and they would comment at their clubs on what a fine son-in-law I would make. And housewives, widows, bachelors and old folk would sink back in their chairs with a nostalgic look after having seen my comely face in print, and they would be reminded of someone they once knew or, perhaps, even loved.

Yes, I would make a lot of people happy, but mostly myself; for I would be wealthy and would no longer be forced to write for the landlord, the grocer, the gas company, the barber and all the others.

Ah, yes, it would all be wonderful. But until then — well, if you will excuse me, I believe I'll go out and try a bottle of that beer and see what it does for me.

⋎ ⋎ ⋎

» A guest at a dinner given in honor of Marshal Foch in Denver, Colorado, said that there was nothing but wind in French politeness. Marshal Foch retorted: "Neither is there anything but wind in a pneumatic tire, yet it eases wonderfully the jolts along life's highway."

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THEY *Blacklist* THEMSELVES

By Victor Riesel

THE honest libertarian's life is made difficult by a new dilettante culture. It's spokesmen are the writers whose typewriters have built-in sneers. Their latter day bible is the *New Yorker*, which gives them their jargon and a pseudo-cynicism. In turn, this covers their sense of guilt at having been deceived by what was always a myth — the legend that the Soviets are really proletarian experimentalists in progress and that those who opposed and exposed them are intellectual beasts of burden stabled in cellars of the Union League Club.

Wrapping this *kulture* about themselves as a uniform to distinguish them from the average man, whom they so loudly and ardently profess to champion, are those who shop around for a ready-to-wear liberalism. They take it right off the political rack.

There is, for example, the ritualistic "liberal." He is the kind who hated Truman in 1948 because it was Truman and not Henry Wallace who succeeded Franklin Roosevelt. So these liberals loathed Truman and loved a general by the name of Dwight D. Eisenhower and tried to convince him to accept the Democratic nomination for presidency that year.

But in 1952, they hated Eisenhower and loved Truman because the General, who had not changed one ideological whit in the intervening four years, was challenging their right to maintain that only they had the intelligence and integrity to give the American people progressive leadership.

Then there is the cliché "liberal." He's the one with the automatic reaction. Long before you meet him at a literary cocktail klatch you know that he will shudder at the mention of Generalissimo Chiang. You know he'll wince if you say that perhaps atomic weapons should be used against the enemy in Korea. He'll explain to you that there really isn't any Soviet anti-Semitism, simply anti-Zionism; that our nation is gripped by a wave of hysteria; that the ouster of some ten Communist school teachers and college instructors signals the mayheming of aca-

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demic freedom, and that *loyalty* is a horrid word.

THERE also is, of course, the lecture "liberal." He comes to applaud the dapper professional writer, oracle and orator who has just come in from his Connecticut or Bucks County estate (farm, they call it) for a fee, to warn that we're losing our civil liberties. But when the opposing speaker has the temerity to suggest that never before has labor been so influential, never before have the proponents of an enemy army (such as Paul Robeson) had so much freedom, never before have Negro rights been so universally championed, never before have the liberal wings of both political parties been so influential — that speaker is assaulted by charges that his speech was written by William McKinley's ghost writers. Yet when this latter speaker turns on his fashionable suburban audience and asks the questioners why they themselves live in restricted communities, there is only silence.

Not the least of the professional and psychosomatic liberals is the fashionable "liberal." He thinks in fads. He is the fellow who just *knew* that Alger Hiss could never have been a Communist, let alone a spy. He is the chap who just knows that that "queer" fellow Whittaker Chambers "forged" that typewriter. He "feels" that Hiss is innocent. And that there are witch hunts. And that you've just got to stay in town for that "w-w-w-onderful play" which tells you all about it.

It is on him that I now turn the spotlight.

He is the "faddist thinker." He thinks in fads. He is intellectually sadistic. He is so intolerant of any deviation from what he believes is "decency" that he of all groups deserves to be described as the mental fascist. To me he is the "faddistic liberal."

He is, at the moment, on the "blacklist" binge.

He is alarmed because honest liberals and conservatives in the radio, television, and movie studios, after international Communist armies began killing American boys, decided to drive Sovieteers out of these media of entertainment and communication. To the "faddistic liberal," this is a great conspiracy to kill American culture. This conjured "conspiracy," the faddist charges, has created a blacklist of actors, writers, and producers who are being deprived of their right to work because they are "progressive" forces.

ACTUALLY, the conspiracy is on the other foot. It is the faddistic "liberal" who conspires to deprive the entertainment world of the right to use untainted talent.

The controversy which has been troubling the air about us must be discussed in the context of the great Asiatic war which western civilization now fights because the world is

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half free and half slave. In Korea alone, over 2,000,000 men have been killed, maimed or wounded on both sides. Hundreds of thousands of other humans are casualties of the conflict which runs from the east coast of Korea, through Indo-China, Burma and Malaya to the border of India, which the Soviets are now attempting to Chinafy. Opposing us are the Communist forces which the faddistic thinkers of the forties lovingly called agrarian reformers.

Despite this vast inter-continental conflict, our nation has been well behaved. Even the American section of Mao Tse-tung's army — the Communist Party, Cominform Section, USA — runs candidates and gets free time over American radio and television.

Our quixotic government actually ordered the nation's radio and television broadcasting networks to give free time to the Progressive Party, whose presidential candidate has tape-recorded pro-Russian and pro-Communist-China speeches for rebroadcasting by the Soviets to our enemies behind the Iron Curtain.

By some whim of our law, it was overlooked that this so-called party was launched by convicted Sovieteer and perjurer Harry Bridges; and by one Hugh Bryson, who has traveled through Europe on the expense tab of the Soviet-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions, and by many men linked by congressional testimony to Alger Hiss and the original Communist cells inside our government.

Although this Progressive Party and its leaders had not gone on record for a victory of the U. S. over the enemy forces in Korea, the Federal Communications Commission last fall actually ordered the National Broadcasting System, Columbia Broadcasting, the American Broadcasting System and the Dumont Network to give these Sovieteers hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of free time on the theory that theirs was a political party.

STILL, in a series of debates I've had with one of these "faddistic liberals," Merle Miller, he disdainfully asks the audience not to be affected by "this emotional appeal," when we discuss the civil liberties of the American Communists.

It is the contention of Mr. Miller and his kulture that the "blacklist" is something apart from the blood on frozen Korean hillsides. It is this "conspiracy" with which he and his fellow faddists are most concerned now. And all this gives rise to what I believe is the real conspiracy — the conspiracy to smear the effective and unrelenting anti-Communists who never "in their youth" were taken in by subversion.

For example, some time ago in a paper called *The Compass*, which was published daily until its recent unlamented journalistic demise, there appeared a story by one Saul

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Carson which purported to expose the full story of the "blacklist conspiracy." Brother Carson came up with a remarkable exclusive. He wrote he had learned that all those who sought employment anywhere in the Hollywood film industry had to be screened by a "big five," and that a "big three" of the "big five" were really the forces who had economic power of life and death over an industry which employs 30,000 people — which in turn was the base for a national amusement business involving 300,000 men and women.

With considerable amusement, I read that I was one of the "big three."

It was flattering, but it was a lie.

But it got around. Soon long-forgotten relatives and friends were calling for screen tests, script readings, and introductions to the stars.

As I have just said, this was merely a myth. It was concocted by a man who hates honest anti-Communists. It was printed in a newspaper edited by a man who had been part of the faddistic *kulture* for years, having worked closely with Henry Wallace in the days when the Progressive Party had high in its leadership men associated with Alger Hiss, Harry Bridges, and others listed as Communist conspirators in congressional records.

THERE just was no basis for the charge. It had been pulled out of some thin air to trouble the broadcast air even more. It was pushed around town by such methods as the publication of a newsletter called "Facts About Blacklists," which gave its mailing address but was not listed in the telephone directory, nor did it appear to have an office. At least the realty company which owns the building at which this thing receives mail was unaware that it had a new tenant.

The newsletter said:

"But what is more important is that the blacklist is a continuing process. In order to work in Hollywood today, a performer must not only be list-free. He must be certified, either by the American Legion, or as reported in the trade press by such 'experts' as . . . Victor Riesel."

Here I was mentioned along with a prominent actor and columnist. Again the lie.

And it came at the end of a long editorial, part of which said:

"The blacklist . . . has a wider aim: to create in our country a climate of repression, rather than a climate of freedom. This makes it a threat to all Americans, not just those in the entertainment industry. It is a direct warning to all Americans to conform or lose their jobs."

A lie, of course.

But that can be expected, for one of the two editors of this sheet is Sam Moore, at one time national president of the Radio Writers Guild. Not too long ago, Moore was

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being questioned by a congressional committee. The House counsel asked:

"Mr. Moore, the committee has information that you were a member of the Communist Party in 1944 and 1945, and that you held a Communist Party card, registration card, bearing No. 47288 for the year 1945. Is that information correct?"

Moore replied:

"I decline to answer on the grounds previously stated."

Recently, the Senate sub-committee on Internal Security charged that the council of the Radio Writers Guild, which is the governing body, "is controlled by the pro-Communist faction."

SMALL wonder that Moore lashes out at effective anti-Communists and describes the understandable antipathy on the part of the industry today as a "blacklisting" of non-conformists.

Let's take a close look at what Moore calls non-conformity. Moore's union is made up of the radio writers who prepare 90 per cent of the words heard by 150,000,000 Americans daily on radio and TV.

Yet the left-wing band controlling the union, according to congressional testimony, refused to put the Guild on record in support of our troops in Korea; or in support of our Berlin airlift.

Strong charges, you might say. All right, then, here are the names, dates, and places to prove this eerie thing.

It is the night of March 20, 1948, in a routinely appointed office at 6 East 39th Street in New York City. Leaders of the Radio Writers Guild are in National Executive Council Session.

An anti-Communist writer is offering a resolution to this union in the heart of the biggest city of our land, at the time of the Berlin Airlift with which we were calling the Soviet's bluff.

He reads from his notes:

"Although the National Executive Council is opposed to war and war-mongering wherever they may occur, we resolve that when and if the U. S. government proclaims a national emergency or declares that this country is at war with any other country, the Councils and membership of the Radio Writers Guild regions will request permission of the Authors League for the Radio Writers Guild to offer its services in the national interest."

What Americans would turn this down? These people did!

The minutes of this meeting reveal, according to congressional testimony, that:

"Mr. Kelley (who offered the resolution) said that this resolution was intended to help us in meeting problems that might come up in each region. Jim Hart (a council member) said he could see no basis for such a resolution, that it was an additional bit of war-mongering it-

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self and that to anticipate an emergency is to increase the atmosphere.

" 'This sort of resolution cannot stay in this room.' The motion *was not* seconded."

Mind, not even seconded. Not even permitted in the room. Not even to be discussed. And all it proposed was aid to our government.

WHAT kind of men are these? We soon see. In July, 1950, just a few days after Sovietized North Korean troops began killing our GIs and pushing them towards the now almost forgotten Pusan perimeter — the first of some 29,000 boys to be killed — Mr. Kelley proposed another resolution to this band of creative geniuses. Kelley wanted to place the Radio Writers Guild in support of the U. S. in the world crisis created by the Korean war. Once again he simply wanted to pledge cooperation with our own government.

One council member immediately shouted that he would not vote for such a resolution because the "sole purpose of American occupation in Korea was to smash Korean labor unions." According to congressional testimony, that council member was radio writer Jack Bentkover.

And there was that Jim Hart fellow again. He said we had no business in Korea, and according to the congressional testimony a veteran pro-Commie, Peter Lyon, leader of the left-wing camerilla in the council, sneered. Such a motion would give the government a blank check, he said.

Now mind you, young GIs were dying. But this was "political" and "hence irrelevant to the economic welfare of guild members," Lyon said; and he told Kelley the resolution would never be brought up again. It never was.

Not too long ago, a group of prominent radio writers banded together in an attempt to oust the left-wing slate in this Writers Guild. Among the anti-Communists were men who had worked for trade unions which could not be considered illiberal in any sense. The anti-Communists had been aroused by a long series of abuses, including past rebuffs by colleagues of Brother Moore, of resolutions which would have put the Radio Writers Guild on record in support of our efforts in Korea. The "blacklisting" issue was also in dispute.

In the course of the election campaign — which was lost by the outspoken anti-Communists, by the way, who formed a group known as "We, the Undersigned" — the anti-leftists issued what I believe to be the definitive statement on blacklisting:

"We oppose Communism and all totalisms," the anti-Communists said in a leaflet.

"(We oppose) blacklisting on grounds of race, creed, color, political belief and action, union action, insistence on contractual rights and any other ground properly the busi-

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ness of a union. But this policy shall not cover subversion, criminality, moral turpitude; they and all other actions are the personal responsibility of the individual.

"(We oppose) office-holding and committee-participation by Communists, their persistent sympathizers and those who are unable to answer lawfully questions about Communism."

THIS GROUP said, in effect, that there was no blacklist, although it recognized that there were rosters of men who had been associated with pro-Communist fronts and now are finding it difficult to work in radio and television in the midst of an international war against Communism.

Who are these people who "can't find work?"

One of them is actor Lee Cobb, no doubt a fine performer. But for several years he has been a sponsor of something called the China Welfare Appeal — along with others who have long records of association with pro-Communist fronts. Shall he be denied work in his field because of this association? Is this "guilt by association?" Let's see.

What is this guilt by association? Certainly it isn't legal guilt. He is not being punished by the courts. There can then be only moral guilt if the association is more than a passing or unknowing one. Well, Lee Cobb has been associated with several pro-Soviet fronts, but the worst is this China Welfare outfit. This organization is openly dedicated to helping Mao Tse-tung's Sovietized Chinese government — even while the powers of Peiping hurl their troops at Americans. Word was sent to Cobb. When his name continued to appear on the organization's sponsor list, I made the fact public in my column.

At least one of his close friends argued with him. His Hollywood producer spoke to him. Still no action.

Unhappy, but with no alternative, his producer cancelled his contract, knowing the devastating effect this would have on his career in the movie industry. Could Cobb find work elsewhere? Certainly! There was no outcry from anyone when on the morning of Sunday, February 8th, the first two columns of the *New York Times* theatrical section, reporting the Broadway news, printed Cobb's picture. Ironically, it had the following caption:

"Lee J. Cobb, with Maureen Stapleton, plays a liberal under pressure in 'The Emperor's Clothes.' (Opening) tomorrow at the Barrymore."

He opened. There were no picket lines. No one protested. If someone wanted to cast Cobb, as others had cast other actors with Sovieteering records of association with pro-Commie fronts, that was the producer's business. Certainly there was no blacklist, no conspiracy. Those of us who didn't like it just

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stayed away from the theater. And hoped others would.

APPARENTLY the public did. Soon after the play opened, Lee Cobb went on the air through the cooperation of a sympathetic, hyperthyroid, midnight disc jockey and asked the listeners to attend.

Cobb was still the same old Cobb. He still talked of being persecuted for being a "liberal." Efforts to reach him through his play's press agent and midnight calls to the disc jockey were futile. He still had not publicly renounced support of an organization devoted to providing welfare for the Chinese government and enemy troops. It was the disc jockey's misguided privilege to give Cobb a microphone.

It was also our privilege to make public Mr. Cobb's record, if we wished, just as we had with others. And it must be added here that this practice of noting the friends of organizations we think are fronting for our moral and philosophical as well as physical enemies began long ago. It was started by many of those now screaming because the same tactics are being used against the left-wingers. I have for years, independently of any group, listed friends of the Japanese when they were the aggressors, friends of Mussolini after the slaying of Matteoti, and friends of the Nazis. I see no reason why the Soviet Union should be an exception.

Should pro-Communist actor Howard Da Silva be an exception, for example? He was named in congressional hearings as a Communist Party member. Similar testimony reveals that he once left the ranks of Communist May Day marchers to go up on the reviewing stand and lead in the singing of militant songs. Amongst those who named him a Communist during congressional investigations were actor Sterling Hayden and writer Martin Berkley.

Not too long ago a congressional committee was querying Da Silva. Would he support the policies of the U. S. and the government? With an arrogance which matched the snideness of the many screen roles he has played, Da Silva kept dodging the question and asking for specific policies. Finally the then Representative Potter (now a Senator from Michigan) said:

"For example, if the Soviet Union should attack the U. S., will you support and would you bear arms for the U. S.?"

Da Silva retorted: "Mr. Chairman, the prime issue of the day is peace, not ways of waging war. Your obvious intent once again is to tie me with organizations that you consider subversive. Any word of 'peace' today is considered subversive by this committee and by those who prefer war to peace.

"*I decline to answer this question on the grounds previously stated.*"

In other words, Da Silva would not say he would fight for his country against the Soviets!

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SHALL we have no listings of such men? Shall their records not be made public? Of course they shall. Yet despite all this, such professional and high-paid "ritualistic liberals" as Arthur Garfield Hays protest. Recently he said publicly that he did not see how any "right-minded man could attempt to justify a blacklist."

I can see why Hays objects to exposure of fronts. Hays has not permitted his expensive indignation from preventing him from becoming attorney for one of America's most notorious racketeers, ex-bootlegger Longy Zwillman. Brother Zwillman revealed in recent Kefauver testimony that the high-minded Mr. Hays had been one of his trustees in a business venture. This is Mr. Hays' privilege. And no one is saying that we can't see how any "right-minded" man could do such a thing. We merely report the record.

And the record shows that many who can't find work in radio and TV today were yesterday's comrades of comrades.

The record also discloses that when Howard Da Silva, Morris Carnovsky, Dashiell Hammett, pianist Ray Lev, and Paul Robeson were asked to denounce Soviet anti-Semitism, they were silent. Why?

Where are all those who screamed out against the Black and Brown Shirted Fascists and Nazis? Why do they whitewash Red outfits?

Who has twisted the tourniquet on the bleeding hearts of yesteryear?

Where are the glamorous anti-Nazis of Hollywood and Broadway, of movie and microphone and now of the TV cameras, who joined so many Communist fronts because "somebody" approached them?

Why are they so loudly silent against Moscow? Are the Siberian slave labor camps less lethal than the Dachau gas chambers?

Yet there's only silence from those left-wingers of the theater, radio, and television who say they are being discriminated against by a "blacklist" because they once belonged to certain "anti-Nazi" fronts and so make a pro-Commie record. They can unmake that record. But not one of these leftists has tried.

They had a chance just a few weeks ago when many of us asked cultural and labor circles to help us picket the Soviet UN delegation headquarters in protest against the renewed and violent anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism. There were editors of national magazines. There were members of the Jewish Labor Committee and the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists.

IT WAS a bitter picket line. When one Soviet agent emerged from the iron door of the Iron Curtain's little territory on Park Avenue, I had to restrain my friend, Willie Wolpert, of the United Hebrew Trades, from slugging the cocky Kremlinite who sneered at us.

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We marched with bus drivers, seafarers, auto workers and garment workers. But there was no contingent from the leftists, who knew of our demonstration and who cry out against discrimination against themselves in radio and TV. Where was Lee Cobb, for example?

They had a chance to unmake their record in the very way they made it — only this time with anti-Communists. They didn't take it.

That's the point.

They will be pro-Communists by default until they speak up. No one can clear them. Only they can clear themselves. That's what fellow actors, in a mass jury of their peers, have just asked them to do. A few days ago, the results of the first election of the New York local of the American Federation of Radio and Television Artists (AFTRA) were announced.

The first board of the newly merged union of radio and television performers in New York, the nation's broadcasting capital, now is made up of the most sophisticated, active, hardened anti-Communists. Led by their president, TV actor Vinton Hayworth, the board has on it Basil Rathbone, Ned Wever, Lee Tracy, Conrad Nagel, Bud Collyer, Bill Gaxton, Beverly Roberts, and other famous performers.

The anti-Communists took all 35 places on the board, in an election sweep which made their lowest vote-puller run 300 votes ahead of the top opposition candidate. This is a vast margin, considering there were 1383 airwave artists voting in this secret balloting, double-checked by a public accountant.

The victors made no secret of their traditional anti-Communism — which in the past, when the left-wing influenced many a producer, had cost them many parts and fees. The AFTRA leaders ran on a platform which said:

". . . the vast majority of our AFTRA members are non-Communist. But . . . today it is imperative to be actively anti-Communist. . . every one of these candidates *is actively anti-Communist.*"

THEY SWEPT this airwaves union election as they did an earlier one for delegates to the national convention. At that time they said, "We are not merely non-Communists, we are anti-Communists."

In the latest election they defeated, among others, a good actor named Phil Loeb. There are outcries that Mr. Loeb is on some sort of blacklist and that he cannot find radio or TV work and, like Lee Cobb, is forced to act on the Broadway boards to earn a living.

Let's look at the record. Mr. Loeb signed many a pro-Communist statement. He joined the old pro-Commie Artists Front to Win the War. Isn't the war in Korea worth winning? Why doesn't he say so publicly?

He signed a petition for the pro-Communist American Committee

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for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom, no less. Also some fifteen others. During the Nazi-Soviet love feast days he signed a petition to Franklin Roosevelt asking for civil rights for the Communist Party. At that time, the Party was busy promoting sabotage of the anti-Nazi Allies, such as Britain and France.

But today, Phil Loeb is still silent. We hear no anguished outcry against the death sentencing of priests in Poland or the official pogroms against the Jews inside the Soviets. We see no signing of protests. Why?

Another actor defeated in the AFTRA poll was comedian Jack Guildford. Eleven years ago he was a member and sponsor of the American Peace Mobilization, a pro-Communist front which picketed the White House in 1941 with such slogans as "The Yanks are not coming, let God save the King." This mobilization was specifically organized by Sovieteers to fight our aid to those nations fighting the Nazis. Today Brother Guilford, too, is silent. Why?

These men made their records. Only they can unmake them. Their silence is golden — but only for the Soviets. They blacklist themselves.

» I have seen the glories of art and architecture, and mountain and river; I have seen the sunset on the Jungfrau, and the full moon rise over Mont Blanc; but the fairest vision on which these eyes ever looked was the flag of my country in a foreign land. Beautiful as a flower to those who love it, terrible as a meteor to those who hate it, it is the symbol of the power and glory, and the honor, of fifty millions of Americans. (1878) — *George Frisbie Hoar*

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Do You Know That . . .

▶ Twenty-two United Nations employees, earning an aggregate yearly salary of over $200,000, refused to answer the McCarran Committee's questions as to their past or present Communist affiliations. If they paid Communist Party dues at the usual scale of ten per cent and up, the party collected between $20,000 and $30,000 a year from this group alone. Fifteen of the twenty-two held continuous government employment for ten years or more.

▶ Every time Communist officials leave a capitalist country, they go on a buying spree for such "bourgeois" items as food, nylons, perfume, household linens, and clothing.

▶ Terramycin has nosed out the longtime favorite, penicillin, as the best-seller among the wonder drugs.

▶ The Soviet Union still holds 186 naval vessels Lend-Leased to her by the U. S. for use during World War II. The Russians also owe the United States over $800,000,000 for civilian-type goods they retained after the hostilities.

▶ Combined circulation of English-language daily newspapers in the United States hit an all-time high of 53,738,000 in 1952.

▶ Reservists make up ninety per cent of the Air Force officers in Korea.

▶ The Sixteenth Amendment, which authorized the income tax, put no limit to the proportion of personal or corporate income which could be taxed. It would be perfectly constitutional and perfectly legal, under the Sixteenth Amendment, to tax 100 per cent of a person's income, should Congress so decide.

▶ Chiang Kai-shek's guerrilla forces claim that they killed or wounded 220,000 Chinese Reds in mainland raids during 1952. Total American casualties in Korea are approximately 130,000.

▶ A three-week work stoppage which ended recently at the Joppa, Illinois, atomic works was the thirty-third strike at this particular plant.

▶ A deadly virus, first discovered in 1909 and recently re-discovered in test tubes which had been mislaid, was found to be still potent. This overthrows the belief that a virus must have a "living host" in order to survive.

▶ The coronation robe which Elizabeth II will wear from Westminster Abbey was woven by hand from the silk of special English silkworms. Its 18-foot length is being hand-embroidered in gold thread and gold braid. The robe will probably never be worn a second time.

NORA DE TOLEDANO

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Strange SWORD DUEL

By NINO Lo BELLO

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On the afternoon of April 24, 1889, in Aspen, Colorado, two fencers — a man and a woman — fought on a stage a bloody sword duel that was probably the most bizarre match of its kind in America. The lady duelist — a lovely chorine and a champion swordswoman from Vienna — lost the fight after 21 rounds when she was forced to concede defeat for loss of blood.

What led to the unusual rapier bout between the man, a Colorado architect, and the beautiful showgirl from Europe?

This strange sword fight came to pass after Jerome B. Wheeler booked "King's Fool," a romantic musicale, for the grand opening of his opera house in the silver-mining camp at Aspen. From Vienna came Heinrich Conried and his troupe of 108 singers, chorines, and female fencers to stage the production.

For weeks the *Aspen Times* ballyhooed the cast. The advance raves told of the "handsome young women, picturesquely attired — whose feats with foil and broadsword are marvelous." The publicity gave particular mention to one Erika Jagerman, an exquisite brunette who was Europe's top-ranking female fencer.

And on opening night Fraulein Jagerman and the chorine-fencers, judging from the loud and lusty cheers, did not fail to impress. All, that is, except a former Austrian fencer in the audience. He was Theodore Rosenberg, a celebrated architect living in Colorado who carried three sword scars on his cheeks — souvenirs from his 22 student-day duels. Rosenberg, a friend of Conried, chafed when the producer chided him about Fraulein Jagerman's being a better dueler than he.

"Rosenberg, that girl can beat you anytime," he needled.

"I'll wager $500 that she can't," Rosenberg roared.

Word got around. Quickly, Aspen's leading miners put together enough gold pieces for a purse of $150 to be given to the winner. Fraulein Jagerman accepted the challenge and the duel was scheduled for the next day at three o'clock, on the opera house stage.

According to the *Times*, it was ap-

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parent at the outset that Rosenberg was the more skilled of the two. "Fraulein Jagerman's face," said the *Times*, "was a study, the nostrils widely distended. Unaccustomed to the 8,000-foot altitude, it was plain during the bout that she had trouble catching her breath."

THOUGH she fought skillfully, the girl met defeat. In the first round, which lasted 20 minutes, she suffered a severe wound on the right arm. During the intermission her seconds rushed from the wings and bandaged her. Seven minutes later, when the second round had started, the woman was successful in nicking Rosenberg on the left hip, but the architect displayed greater dexterity and slashed his adversary on the right arm again and then on the thigh.

The contest continued in that fashion. Then Fraulein Jagerman's bandages, which had been put on too tight, burst and spewed blood. In the 21st round she quit, with the score 17–15 against her.

Rosenberg, chivalrous to the end, refused the money and offered it to the girl. "You are, Fraulein, a fine swordswoman. You have rare skill and grace." Accepting the money, Fraulein Jagerman smiled tiredly and blew Rosenberg a kiss as she was having her cuts bound. "I was fishing for a minnow," she said, "but I caught a whale."

During the show that night Fraulein Jagerman was in costume and ready to go on. As she waited for her cue, however, she fainted. The loss of blood and the strain of the fight were more than she could take. But her colleagues revived her and she finished her act in the true tradition of show business.

» To be worth anything, character must be capable of standing firm upon its feet in the world of daily work, temptation, and trial; and able to bear the wear and tear of actual life. Cloistered virtues do not count for much. — *Samuel Smiles*

» We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies; we haven't all been generals, or poets, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies, we stand on common ground. — *Mark Twain*

(ANSWERING A TOAST TO THE BABIES, AT A BANQUET IN HONOR OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT)

» I enjoy convalescence. It is the part that makes the illness worth while. — *G. B. Shaw*

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CAN *Asia* BE RECOVERED?

By HAROLD LORD VARNEY

THE reassuring thing about the Asiatic problem is that Asia has never really been lost to the Free World. Not even Dean Acheson was quite able to achieve that feat.

Unconquered men who detest Communism are still desperately fighting for freedom in Korea, on Formosa, on Quemoy and the blockade islands of the South China coast; in a hundred guerrilla fastnesses in Red China, on the Burma-Thai-Yunnan border, in Indo-China and in Malaya. As long as Asiatics show such an unflinching willingness to fight on our side, America's Asiatic policy cannot be one of scuttle and run, but of mobilizing overpowering American might behind these remaining allies.

The advent of a new administration in Washington, pledged to give American help to all who are fighting against Communism, calls for a new and clear-eyed view of the realities of East Asia.

What we will see, in such a view, is not likely to be pleasing to American pride, or even to American self-respect. East Asia, since the war, has been the scene of America's most humiliating defeat. Its continental stretch is a shambles of broken American hopes, and squandered opportunities. Its Korean peninsular is still wracked by an obscene war which our commanders have not been allowed to win, and which has flattened out into a nightmarish stalemate. What gripes the American is that these disasters have all been so unnecessary — so stained by the stupidities of American policy-makers.

To picture the full enormity of our defeat in East Asia, we have only to take the year 1946 as a frame of reference.

IN THE early months of 1946, the United States stood at the summit peak of its influence in East Asia. Through direct control, or through the good will of our allies, American hegemony was established and acknowledged from the borders of Siberia to the southernmost coast of Borneo.

Japan was under American occupation, with Russia firmly excluded

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from the occupation authority. China, aside from some northern enclaves of rebel Communist control, was ruled by America's tried friend, Chiang Kai-shek. Manchurian cities were still under Russian occupation, but were soon to be evacuated. Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies, after the blight of a four-year Japanese occupation, were back under the rule of our allies, France and the Netherlands. Burma was still a British colony. Concededly, there were numerous trouble-spots, but none were so grave that strong, confidence-inspiring American policies could not have removed them.

There was every indication that we stood on the threshold of at least a twenty-year period of unshakeable American leadership in East Asia.

Vis-à-vis Russia, our only potential rival for the hegemony, our position was little short of brilliant.

The United States had only to maintain the 1946 *status quo*, and she would have had Russia boxed hopelessly behind the Siberian frontiers. So long as Chiang Kai-shek ruled China, the American position was copper-riveted. Russia-in-Asia is the prisoner of geography. Russian Far East military action is strictly conditioned by maintenance of transportation over the 8,000-mile, largely single-tracked Trans-Siberian Railway, bolstered by the output of the new war industries which Russia has strung at Lake Baikal, the Kuznetsk Basin, and at Alma Ata. But both railway and industries, in the event of war, would be sitting-duck targets for American air power based on the great Chinese Northwest bases of Lanchow in Kansu, and Chengtu in Szechwan.

The logic of this fact was inescapable. Northwest China was the bolt to the whole American position, and the position of its allies in East Asia.

The power problem of 1946, for America's Far East policy-makers, was to make certain, even by American intervention if necessary, that no regime hostile to the United States, or even neutral, should be allowed to come to power in China. The test of the kind of government which we wanted in China was not whether it had solved the land question, or whether it had abolished "squeeze" (the two obsessions of the American "liberal" press of the period), but whether it was a government which would play ball with the United States against Russia.

SELF-EVIDENT as this seems, it is doubtful if it was ever clearly understood by the Achesons and the Jessups. Throughout 1946, they piddled around with their preposterous Marshall Mission, while the sands ran out for Chiang Kai-shek. They disclosed the purpose, not of cementing a strong anti-Communist government in China, but of forcing the anti-Communist Chiang to admit the Communists into his own gov-

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ernment, as the price of American good will. Thus we spent our last year of authority in the Far East trying imbecilically to force China to do the very thing which was most sharply opposed to American interests and security.

The Gadarene swine would have something to learn about suicide from the Americans of the Marshall Mission period.

Thanks to such hideous blunders, within three years after the American apogee in 1946, the whole United States position in East Asia had crumbled. From a status of terrific continental power, we had shriveled to the insecure tenure of an outer island perimeter, extending from occupied Japan, through Formosa, to the Philippines.

Not content with waiving China to the Communists, we had gone afield in our effort to torpedo our allies. In the East Indies we had enthusiastically cooperated with the United Nations in driving out the friendly Dutch, and in turning power over to the sullenly anti-American Soekarno junta. And the British Labor Party government, not to be outdone in this orgy of renunciation, had quit Burma and handed it over to a motley crew of Socialists, all named Aw, whose one common link is an insatiable detestation of the United States.

The past has few parallels for such an abdication of responsibility by a great power. If the new Republican administration succeeds in winning a second chance for America in the Far East, it will be because President Eisenhower has the sense of history to reject *in toto* the legacy of Truman.

It is natural, after a set-back so shattering, that it should be seriously questioned by many whether a come-back attempt in Asia is worth mounting. The presumption is in its favor. Powerful physical factors operate for us. On the other hand, the enemy's position is far less invincible than shows upon the surface. The deep-running forces of the imponderable are on our side.

Admittedly, any retake of our policy must begin with ourselves.

THE American debacle in East Asia was the inescapable consequence of our own topsy-turvy thinking. American post-war leadership in the Far East has been booby-trapped by some of the most depreciated myths about Asia now in currency. These myths in the minds of our policy-makers have inhibited action, when positive steps were imperative. They have given us comfortable rationalizations for our own sloth and incompetence.

Clear-thinking Americans who have wanted to frustrate Communism in Asia have found themselves continuously engaged in a two-sided battle — one against the flesh-and-blood Communists themselves, the other against the ghostly company of errors which were in the minds of their nation's leaders.

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Listen to Raymond B. Fosdick, a particularly gullible victim of such bad thinking on Asia, in his *New York Times* article of February 12, 1950, right after the final fall of mainland China. Mr. Fosdick is the man whom Dean Acheson appointed in July, 1949 to head a committee to review and evaluate the whole American policy in the Far East.

The kind of wisdom which Mr. Fosdick brought to his task is evidenced by the following passages from his article:

> How did we lose our position in Asia? . . . A gross error of judgment on our part, based on our ignorance of the forces that were moving China, gave the Communists an opening which they have been quick to exploit. That error of judgment was our continued support of Chiang Kai-shek long after he had lost the confidence of all classes of the people of China, Communist and non-Communist alike. [And he added categorically,] The revolution in Asia is rooted in Western traditions.

What is wrong here is the very thesis itself. Chiang never "lost the confidence of all classes of the people of China." To this day, tens of millions, even behind the Bamboo Curtain, fervently follow him.

That Chiang was less popular in 1948 than in 1945 was not the cause but the *result* of America's mistake. America did not support Chiang to the end, as Mr. Fosdick implies: It ostentatiously dropped its support in 1946, at the time of the Marshall Mission, when it badgered and finally embargoed him. From this moment, and not until then, his popularity began to tailspin. The final coffin nail was driven by President Truman in November, 1948, when Chiang, trying to maintain Nationalist morale, asked for a verbal expression of American support of the Nationalists against the Communists. When the President sent an ambiguous reply to this appeal *ex extremis*, the Generalissimo retired and turned his office over to Li Tsung-jen, the American favorite.

THIS is the chronology of events, and yet Mr. Fosdick, the State Department Far East "expert," informs the public that it was Chiang who pulled down America, not vice versa. It is not only the Muscovites who re-write history.

The tragedy of America in 1946 was that there were too many Fosdicks functioning at high levels, each repeating the silly clichés which other men like Owen Lattimore and Gunther Stein and John K. Fairbank were feeding out from the propaganda assembly lines at the Institute of Pacific Relations.

The principal misconceptions which have bedeviled American thinking on the Far East have been:

1. The belief that America and Britain have identical interests in the Far East, and that therefore we must pool our policies with Britain's:

2. The belief that there is a

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"revolution" going on in Asia, and that we must get on its bandwagon, or quit Asia:

3. The belief that we can fight a war against the North Koreans and the Chinese Communists below the waist of North Korea without risking a war with Russia, but that the minute we strike the Chinese Communists anywhere else, we are in a third world war:

4. The belief that, with China lost, we should accept our loss, and construct a new Asiatic policy built about a "democratic" India:

5. The belief that American Point Four spendings will provide a sort of Painless Parker program which will win the Asiatics, where our military efforts have failed or been inadequate:

6. The belief that Asiatics, to qualify for our alliance, must reform their institutions along lines laid down by American "planners":

7. The belief that the Chinese Communists, if we drop Chiang, will do a Tito.

These are probably the myths which have done us the most harm in East Asia. Let us consider each one briefly.

1. *Joint Action with Britain.* The United States has been stubbing its toes on the British issue in the Far East for more than a generation. Britain long ago became more of a liability than an asset to us in Asia, but Washington statesmanship has blindly ignored the fact. Most of America's major blunders have resulted from our incessant attempt to please the British. The Korean War is now hopelessly snared as a result of British "You can't do that, you know" admonitions.

Actually, the myth of a British-American partnership in the East has been utterly without basis in history. We have been in Britain's corner but she hasn't been in ours. Britain has cynically let us down in East Asia when it has suited her purposes. She refused to back up our Stimson Policy in Manchuria in 1932. She refused to go along with us in the Japanese Embargo in 1938. She reneged on her pledge to mount an amphibious southern attack in Burma to relieve Stillwell in 1944. After V-J Day she grabbed Hongkong, while we were busy elsewhere, in defiance of our pledge to the Chinese that its final disposal would be negotiated. She recognized the Chinese Communists with indecent haste in 1950, instead of attempting to follow a common course with the United States. She cooperated with us in the Korean War, but at first insisted on her right to sell oil, rubber, and other primary war commodities to Communist China.

In the Korean War, her alliance has been a source of weakness rather than strength. She has intervened repeatedly to stop us from delivering the knock-out punch to the Chinese Reds. In 1950, after Inchon, when the North Koreans were at the point of annihilation, she insisted that General MacArthur hold

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his armies at the 38th Parallel for eleven days before getting permission to proceed. The eleven days saved the North Koreans for another stand. When the Chinese Communists entered the war, Britain laid down the law that we must not bomb north of the Yalu, nor attack mainland China. In the United Nations she insisted that the United States consent to an invitation to the Chinese Reds to attend the General Assembly. Together with India she tried to put over a deal in the UN in November, 1950, to seat Red China, and to reward it with the bribe of Formosa. In March, 1951, British pressure was the deciding factor in the dismissal of General MacArthur, and the rejection of his plan to fight a winning war.

If the United States has any lingering hopes of regaining her hegemony in the Far East, then she had better quickly disassociate herself from Great Britain in the enterprise. Britain has been our evil genius in the Far East. She is stereotyped in the Eastern mind as a symbol of extraterritoriality and unequal treaties and dishonorable trade shifts. We cannot win the trust of freedom-loving Asiatics as long as we stand in harness with such a symbol of the hated past. And what assurance do we have that Britain will stay put, even if we retain her? She may prefer to please India.

2. *The Fallacy of the Asiatic "Revolution."* More bad thinking about Asia has resulted from the attempt of our book-writers to sell us the sweeping generalization that everything which has happened in Asia since the war has been a part of the process of inevitable "revolution." In the name of this "revolution," we are asked to undertake a hodgepodge of American-financed welfare projects to placate the revolutionaries. A corollary is that we must repudiate our alliances with tried and trusted friends of the United States, such as Syngman Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek, because they belong to a different revolutionary tradition, and that we must seek coalition with the younger troublemakers.

Some of those who have been most insistent in trying to sell this bill of goods to the United States have been Owen Lattimore, Robert Payne, Harold R. Isaacs, John K. Fairbank, Justice William O. Douglas, and a whole stable of writers sponsored by the Institute of Pacific Relations.

Actually, like all generalizations, the "Asiatic revolution" thesis is a lazy man's attempt to lump together a large number of disconnected and variously inspired unrests as a related phenomenon. There is no such unity. Most of these movements are pure adventurist enterprises by petty predatory groups seeking power. Others are the backwash of puppet regimes left behind by the Japanese, who themselves first used this "Asia revolution" racket in their Greater East Asia Co-Prosper-

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ity Area. Others are mere false faces for Communists plotting for power (*vide* the Viet Minh in Indo-China, the Huks in the Philippines, and the Karens in Burma).

Thus there is no common Asiatic revolutionary army at whose head the United States can place itself, as the Raymond B. Fosdicks and Harold Isaacs would have us do, but only a ragtag of ambitious "outs" trying to use us against the "ins." Few have any deep roots in the native populations. The United States can court deep trouble if it attempts to thread its way through any such mythical Asiatic revolutionary labyrinth. The "Asia revolution" doesn't exist.

3. *We Mustn't Hit the Chinese Communists Outside Korea.* The idea that we can fight a small localized war against Chinese Communism in Korea, without danger of Russian intervention, but that the minute we strike the Red Chinese in Manchuria, or by a coastal blockade, Russia will unleash World War III, is a favorite one for defeatists. It is a convenient rationalization for our humiliating stalemate in the 33-month Korean war.

In fact, our course toward the Chinese Communists in Korea has no more to do with Russian Far East timing than the writings of Nostradamus. The Russians will strike us when they have a preponderance of power. That they haven't got it now is plainly attested by their inaction when we precipitated the Korean War. If Russia were swayed by emotional considerations, she would have found adequate pretexts then for intervention.

The United States is only penalizing itself by heeding British and other counsels against hitting the Chinese Communists inside their Manchurian sanctuary, or by imposing a coastwise blockade.

4. *How About India?* It was Adlai Stevenson who projected the India issue into the American picture by demanding, in his San Francisco campaign speech (the poorest of his campaign efforts) if we wanted to "lose India." India, with its socialist Nehru, has been a magnet for starry-eyed ex-New Dealers ever since their Red China "agrarian democrat" hopes turned sour on them. Chester Bowles, Frank P. Graham, Norman Cousins, and Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam are some of those who have hopefully cultivated the India vineyard.

Actually all talk of building a counterforce to Communism in Asia pivoted on India is particularly silly since India itself has rejected the idea of a regional grouping of Asiatic nations which excludes Red China. Nehru doesn't want Communists in India, but he sees no harm in Communists next door in China. Instead of allowing Americans to use him in their anti-Communist designs in East Asia, Nehru is preparing the foundations for an "Asia-for-Asiatics" confederation of his own, which will include Communist China.

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Nehru gave himself away in a speech at New Delhi a few years ago. The Pandit said:

> Democracy is coming up on various planes. In China it is on the Communist plane. It is much less than Communism. It isn't even full-blooded socialism although the Chinese Communists in their minds aim at much more.

This is hardly the mental outlook of a man who would help us to sweep Communism out of Asia.

The effort to mollify Nehru has been hardly second to our persistent kow-towing to Britain as the fountain source of our failure in East Asia. A wise American leadership will leave India out of its plans. She is going to sit out the Free World's crusade against Communism.

5. *Point Four.* The Point Four program has a vast appeal to those soft-war Americans who want to avoid the rigors of full war. It is a Westernized version of China's Silver Bullet strategy. Instead of buying Generals, Point Four proposes to buy whole peoples by bestowing upon them American techniques and American sanitation.

This assumes that the restless mood of Asiatics is caused by hunger — a fact which is not at all proven by the available evidence. Indeed, some of the hungriest countries are least rebellious. The restlessness in Asia is caused primarily by the competition for status, the uprootal of habit which began during the Japanese occupation, and to an important extent, by what Pareto once described as the "circulation of the elite." Hunger plays its part, but only secondarily. The United States could bankrupt itself trying to share prosperity with East Asia, and it could still find itself without friends, if it depended upon this alone.

6. *Still Demanding "Reform."* Whenever Far East experts of the Marshall-Acheson school wanted to alibi themselves for inaction in China, they always fell back upon a convenient whipping boy — the "corruption" of Chiang Kai-shek. "Reform," they would shout sternly, "if you want any of our American money." This was the period when T. Lamar Caudle, Joseph D. Nunan, John Maragon, and E. Merle Young (of mink coat fame) were conspicuously operating in Washington.

On the eve of President Eisenhower's inauguration, "reform for Asiatics" was still going strong at the Washington stand. A case in point was the recent Bell report in the Philippines in which a large American five-year loan was dangled before the Philippine government in return for specified "reforms" to be supervised by the United States. This was followed by an MSA report demanding a sweeping abolition of farm tenantry in the Philippines (we haven't even abolished it yet in the United States).

This offensive attempt to prescribe internal conditions in the one country in southeast Asia which has been unswervingly pro-American

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so aroused the Filipinos that the MSA report was withdrawn.

The episode shows how not to proceed in Asia, if we want to make friends and influence people. In the MSA, and the various UN agencies, the United States is inflicting upon the East Asians a locust horde of inveterate busybodies who are obsessed with the idea of remaking Asiatics along American lines. Nothing is more unsound psychologically for a nation which is seeking allies. "Reform" should be shelved.

7. *The Hope for a Tito.* The illusion that Mao Tse-tung can be detached from Moscow dies hard. The talk of Mao doing a Tito was a favorite lifeline for amateur strategists around the American embassy in Nanking during the days in 1948–49 when we were "letting China fall." The latest to voice this theory is, characteristically, Tito himself, who has recently warned us that we mustn't push Mao too hard, for he may some day be on our side.

Of course this is the most specious kind of wishful thinking, because the vitriolically anti-American Mao has given no evidence of recantation. The nurturing of such long-shot hopes will only inhibit the will to take necessary steps. Americans who sit around waiting for miracles to happen will see history passing them by.

If we can rid our minds of these narcotic myths, then, and only then, will we be ready for the contemplation of a winning anti-Communist strategy in East Asia.

What is to be done?

It is fairly obvious, except to confirmed pacifists, that American interest in the Far East dictates:

1. The early and successful termination of the Korean War:

2. The implementing in East Asia of a self-active, anti-Communist Asiatic force.

Fortunately, a program of almost immediate point is open to Americans for the furtherance of both objectives. This is the program of opening a second front in South China. Strong military opinion favors its attempt.

The acceptance of the modern equivalent of trench warfare in Korea, for a protracted eighteen-month period, is tantamount to United Nations defeat. Wars are not won by armies which have abandoned the offensive. They are won by armies which are willing to take bold risks, such as the Inchon landing. With American control of the sea almost complete, only an abject subordination of American strategy to the nagging wishes of UN colleagues has deterred us from repeating Inchon elsewhere. With a new administration in Washington, it is now possible to break away from the leading strings of Britain and other United Nations lukewarms and to project a staggering blow against the Chinese Communists where they are weakest.

The unprotected, soft underbelly

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of the Chinese Communists is the 1200-mile South China coast, extending from Chekiang to Hainan Island. One or more amphibious jabs will disclose the point of weakness. The Chinese Communists can make such a landing costly, but they cannot meet the overpowering air and sea force which we are prepared to throw against them. The National Chinese landing party, which will spearhead the thrust, will establish a beachhead, and then fan out into a major front.

For such tactics, we enjoy certain initial advantages. We are backed by the Formosa forces, long trained for hit-and-run warfare, with battle-hardened commando detachments. We have the use of a chain of thirty-five Nationalist-held, off-coast islands, stretching 500 miles along the South China coast and now manned by 75,000 regular advance Nationalist troops, commandos and guerrillas. We have the cooperation of Formosa itself, aptly described by General MacArthur as an "unsinkable aircraft carrier."

When the beachhead is established, the Communist defenders will find themselves harassed in the rear by the numerous guerrilla companies which are now operating in Chekiang, Fukien, and Kwangtung, and which maintain contact with Formosa through the National Defense Ministry. How numerous are the guerrillas is obscured by the clouds of conflicting stories which have come from both sides. At the outbreak of the Korea War, Mao Tse-tung himself published an estimate of 400,000 Nationalist guerrillas then in the field. Some have been liquidated, but they are still a formidable behind-the-lines threat to the Communists. With airlift aid, they could mushroom up behind the beachhead as the nucleus of a powerful army of revolt.

Within six months after the landing, a large part of South China should be in Nationalist hands. The existence of such a Free China refuge on the mainland would be a magnet to the millions of anti-Communist Chinese who are now waiting their chance behind the Bamboo Curtain. The powerful, traditional, separatist spirit in China's South would reenforce the appeal of Chiang's armies. Sparked by Chinese Nationalist zealots fighting for a recapture of their mainland homes, the southern second front should be a brilliantly successful operation.

With their South crumbling, the Chinese Communists would no longer have the morale or the resources to maintain their present lines in North Korea. Korea would collapse, with only a token fight, and the long agony for the UN forces would be ended. Thus, the second front in the South would be the answer, not only to the plight of the Nationalists on Formosa, but also for our own intolerable stalemate in Korea.

The second step in America's re-

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turn to East Asia would be made possible by the first. With a new Free China occupying the Southern provinces, shutting off the Communist Chinese from their present contacts with the Viet Minh in Indo-China, the whole continental situation would be eased. The United States should then proceed to set up an East Asian NATO, binding together the anti-Communist Asiatic countries into a fast offensive and defensive alliance against the Moscow-Peking axis.

THE EFFORT to build such an alliance of free nations was initiated by President Quirino of the Philippines in 1949, with the hearty cooperation of Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee. An exploratory meeting was held at Baguio. The undertaking was snuffed out by the opposition of our State Department, as well as by some knifing work done by India among Asiatic nations.

The revival of the Baguio effort, with the United States the senior partner in the alliance, should be pushed. The alliance could start with Japan, South Korea, Nationalist China, Indo-China, Thailand, and the Philippines. The bloc of socialist nations which now recognize Peking — Burma, Indonesia, and India — should not be invited until they are ready to drop their neutralism and their Communist recognition. Thus divisions and half-heartedness would be avoided from the inception. It is inevitable that such an all-Asia body would exercise a powerful centripetal attraction to the outsiders. With only a part of the American aid that is now going to NATO, the anti-Communist armed forces in East Asia would become a guarantor of anti-Communism in the whole Free Asia area.

Such a program has the attraction of the immediate and the possible. At least, it will break America out of the stalemate, military and mental, which has bogged us down.

Through painfully patient months the United States has tried to fight the Chinese Communists the United Nations way. The cost to us in human casualties and unending billions has been stupefying. The accomplishment has been nil.

The time has come for us to fight the enemy of MacArthur — the Van Fleet and the Radford way. It will be a calculated risk, but it will be a risk which promises to erase one of the most inglorious chapters in America's story.

It may restore East Asia to the Free World.

» The highest of characters is his who is as ready to pardon the moral errors of mankind as if he were every day guilty of them himself; and as cautious of committing a fault as if he never forgave one.

— *Pliny The Younger*

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

BY FRANK MEYER

OUR AGE has acquired much knowledge, but little wisdom. We have explored external nature and the insides of our bodies; we can control or transform the one, cure or destroy the other, as never before. We have even investigated the mechanics of the human personality and learned quite a bit about it — enough, indeed, to give dictators efficient concentration camps and confession trials, enough to weaken our tradition and our moral fiber, to raise our divorce rate, our narcotics intake, and our juvenile delinquency.

Knowledge is power and of power we have plenty. But wisdom is the understanding of man and his eternal destiny, without which power leads — just where it has been leading us. A torrent of books dealing with the urgencies of the day has come tumbling off the presses this spring. Some are good, some bad; but so many are disfigured by a raw absence of this wisdom that it is pure joy to come upon so wise, relaxed, and yet relevant a book as ***My Host the World*** (Scribner, $3.00), the third part and the conclusion of George Santayana's autobiography, ***Persons and Places.*** Written when he was past eighty and published after his death, by his request, this is in the first place a volume of mellowed reflections on the places where he spent the last forty years of his life and the people he knew; but more than that, it is a book about a man who has found insight and peace.

If it were only a travel book, it would be delightful. England, Spain, Italy, Palestine, Egypt — the special essence and nostalgia of each are drawn with the sure hand of a philosopher who was also a poet. Then, the gallery of portraits of men of the last half-century, famous and obscure, has enough meat and interest to fill half a dozen novels of the first rank. There is Lowes Dickinson, epitome of so many modern liberals, who "prayed, watched, and labored to redeem human life, and began by refusing to understand what human life is. Too weak to face the truth, he set himself a task too great for Titans: to shatter this world to bits, and put it together again on a moralistic plan." There is Robert Bridges, poet and physician, inveighing against the use of hot water: "So bad for the nails and for the hair!" In a chapter which

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is a short novel in itself, Bertrand Russell's elder brother, Earl Russell, passes from matrimonial adventure to matrimonial adventure, and from horses to automobiles — sympathetic as a man but the very example of that feverish and unmeasured life which Santayana calls "blind, miscellaneous living." Bertrand Russell himself is dissected with a merciless scalpel. There is a host of other portraits — Harold Fletcher, simple but shrewd in his faith, and a lover of horse flesh; Old Higgs, an obscure Oxford tutor who "lived to observe. His hands were habitually crossed behind his back, and trailed a loose umbrella."

SOMETHING suffuses this book. The last thing Santayana would do is preach, and yet he does more than a thousand "inspirational" tracts to give one, momentarily at least, a sense of peace which is neither passive nor neutral to the character and responsibilities of men. "Mine," he says, "has been a life of reflection." He has been in a certain sense detached, not committed; but that detachment and lack of commitment are, as it were, the form his life has taken, not its content. Unlike so many who rush here and there, loving mankind in the abstract and hating everyone around them, Santayana respected the universal in every human being. Nevertheless he knew that we are a mixture of the universal and the immediate, and that a flabby appeal to the universal to avoid the responsibilities of man's fate and place is impiety to the universal and treason at home. "The full-grown human soul should respect all traditions and understand all passions; at the same time it should possess and embody a particular culture, without any unmanly relaxation or mystical neutrality. Justice is one thing, indecision is another, and weak. If you allow all men to live according to their genuine natures, you must assert your own genuine nature and live up to it."

It is curious that this man, one of the most truly religious of our time, has been called and allowed himself to be called a materialist. True piety, which is so rare in our day, flows from him — with indignation at the meanness and pettiness of impiety. He writes eloquently of "the incalculable powers on which our destiny depends. To observe, record, and measure the method by which these powers operate is not to banish the idea of God; it is what the Hebrews called meditating on His ways. . . . The modern hatred of religion is hatred of the truth, hatred of all sublimity, hatred of the laughter of the gods. It is puerile human vanity trying to justify itself by a lie."

World Leviathan

To read a book like Norman Cousins' ***Who Speaks For Man?*** (Macmillan, $3.50), after Santayana, is like passing from a glorious bright

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day off Nantucket Light into the fogs of the Newfoundland Banks. Mr. Cousins means well. He knows a certain amount about the world he lives in. He has a reporter's gift, and when he is not sentimentalizing he can bring the reader a rather incisive picture of people and things he has seen and heard: a group of German students; Thyssen, the German tycoon who helped finance Hitler; Nehru; an Indian university.

Mainly, however, he is sentimentalizing or beating the drums for World Federalism. And it is here that the fogginess, the lack of wisdom, impresses itself. Mr. Cousins is in the grip of an idea that is not new and that is not unworthy — that if all men would live in peace, the world would be a much better place. But like so many liberals of our day who "want to redeem human life," he begins by "refusing to understand what human life is." Quite apart from the obvious impossibility of any common government of the Soviets and the West, an inconvenient problem of which Mr. Cousins disposes by ignoring the real character of Communism, he neither asks nor answers the more fundamental question: Would world government create more evil than it cured?

Admittedly, nuclear war is much more horrible than the wars of the past. But 20th-century absolute power, which has the means of enslaving spirit as well as body, is also infinitely more horrible than the slavery of the past. The source of 20th-century absolute power is the growing size and strength of the state. Is there any reason to doubt that a world state, federal or otherwise, which possessed a monopoly of armed force would corrupt those who held so magnified a power, and become an enslaving monstrosity more terrible than any even this fearful century has so far seen?

It may be that Mr. Cousins has never thought out the premises on which the freedom of the individual rests, that he does not realize that such freedom depends upon separation of powers. He makes a vague bow in that direction, urging "federation" rather than "central world government." But he is willing to put all real power in the hands of his world federal government, and with such central control of the instruments of force, true independence of the parts would die.

On the other hand, it may be that he is not over-scrupulous about the freedom of the individual. In the later chapters of his book he drops a number of hints that would indicate this. In the first place, his federal world government is to have power not only to take action for "common security" but also for "common development," not only against "common dangers" but also for "common needs." Even more than the general-welfare clause of our own Constitution, "common needs" and "common development"

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could easily be stretched to give unlimited powers to the central government. Particularly would this be so since on all questions concerned with its prerogatives, Mr. Cousins' world government would have legal power over individuals.

Furthermore, it is clear that he regards world federalism as only a first step toward the development of a "world collective conscience," as but the prelude to a time when men will have "learned to comprehend that they were interrelated parts of a single organism — the human organism." I am sure that Mr. Cousins really does not believe what he says, that he has never thoroughly considered the implications of these concepts. A "collective conscience" could only be expressed by the leaders, the rulers; and if a man is but part of a human organism, as the toe is part of a body, there is nothing wrong in poulticing it, lancing it, or amputating it if this serves the good of the whole as interpreted by the rules. This, of course, is the view of man held by Nazis and Communists alike. Mr. Cousins would repudiate their conclusions with horror. It is not that he lacks good will. What is missing is the wisdom to comprehend man as a living whole, not as an object to be manipulated to achieve a one-sided Utopian goal.

Conservative?

Peter Viereck, in ***Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals*** (Beacon Press, $4.00), has the virtue of recognizing the primacy of the ethical claims of the individual in any social program. He also answers, and at times rather well, the current tendency to belittle and attack the role of the intellectuals, the "egg-heads." This tendency arises, of course, from the confusion of purpose and betrayal of their trust of which so many intellectuals have been guilty in recent times. But a society without a creative minority would indeed be lost; and Mr. Viereck shows that the evil is not intellectuals as such, but the irresponsibility of those intellectuals whose value-destroying Marxist and pragmatic thought has been so characteristic of the last fifty years. Without "egg-heads" of our own, intellectuals of the stamp of Socrates and Saint Paul, the enormous task of revitalizing the Western and American tradition can hardly be consummated.

Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals is a headlong, violent, disorganized book. If Mr. Viereck were 22 or 23, one could praise it for the many excellent things in it: the description of the anatomy of intellectual fellow-traveling; such apt insights as that "Catholic-baiting is the anti-Semitism of the liberals"; his plea for a revival of that forgotten enemy of tyranny, righteous indignation. But Mr. Viereck has many books behind him. He is touted as "America's outstanding spokesman for the New Conservatism." Unfortunately,

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his ideas are neither new, nor conservative, nor very profound.

He has broken with some of the clichés of contemporary liberalism — and hugged others closer to his breast. The foundation of politics, he says, must be "universal ethics"; but what those ethics are or how they are arrived at, he never makes clear. The achievement of a social situation which will guarantee the freedom of the individual seems to depend on reiterating the word *conservative* while parroting the "mixed-economy" slogans of the New Deal. In fact, it is very hard to distinguish Mr. Viereck's "conservative" approach from the left-wing Arthur Schlesinger's "Vital Center."

THERE is no middle ground in a modern industrial society between the separation of powers which capitalism has created and the road to centralization and tyranny which socialism envisages. A "mixed economy" adds economic power to the state, which already possesses political and military power. Strength breeds strength, and the state is strong enough without economic power of any kind. Add that to it, and it is bound to grow steadily at the expense of the privately owned sector of the economy until the "mixed economy" flowers as a full-fledged socialist economy.

But Mr. Viereck, like Mr. Schlesinger, condemns the forces in American life which stand wholeheartedly for the liberation of the American economy from the state. He calls them right-wing extremists comparable to the extremists of the Left.

He speaks tartly of the "reckless, revolution-provoking anarchism of the Republican Old Guard"; and by a slick twist of labeling he impugns the conservatism of the American Right because its economic theories are in agreement with those of the liberals of the 19th century. The liberals of the 19th century were, however, liberals in the true sense of the word; they were believers in liberty. And so are all genuine conservatives.

They understand what Mr. Viereck repudiates: that some economic systems can serve as foundations for freedom, but that others can lead only to tyranny. He finds economics immaterial. Capitalism and socialism, he says, are only what their ethical content makes them. If all men were saints, this might be true; but the heart of conservatism is the understanding that men are imperfect, and that social institutions based on the wisdom of the past can, at the best, restrain those imperfections.

The practice of preaching the primacy of ethical values in such a way as to weaken institutions which so limit the power of men as to preserve the freedom of men, can destroy the climate of freedom as effectively as any perfectionist totalitarian doctrine.

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THE CLARITY of thought and brilliance of presentation of James Burnham's ***Containment or Liberation*** (John Day, $3.50) needs little introduction to readers of the AMERICAN MERCURY, as three chapters of the book have already appeared in this magazine. Mr. Burnham looks at reality as it is, not as perhaps he might want it to be. The United States and Western civilization are faced with an overwhelming threat from the Soviet Union and world Communism. How are we to meet that threat? Appeasement patently can do no more than postpone utter and complete defeat. The only other courses are containment or liberation. The fallacy of containment rests on the fact that even if it were entirely successful, it would still be disastrous because it would give the Soviets time to stabilize their power and prepare the next stage of their attack. Time is on Russia's side. Our relations with the Soviets are the relations of war, and in war the defensive can never by itself prevent defeat. The only alternative is to "aim to get rid of Soviet rule, or at least reduce it to a scale which would no longer threaten mankind. That is: *liberation*."

What does a policy of liberation mean? "Its goal is freedom for the peoples and nations now enslaved by the Russian-centered Soviet state system — freedom for all the peoples and nations now under Communist domination, including the Russian people." This is a goal, an objective, without which all the rest of our planning, our alliances, our military strength, lack direction and meaning. Mr. Burnham does not propose any rigid plan of campaign, although one of the virtues of this book is to show in detail the kind of measures which would make up such all-out political warfare. That is the kind of warfare that is being waged against us, and the only way to defend ourselves is to wage it also.

For those who fear that a policy of strength on our part would provoke the Russians, he gives an answer which is proved to the hilt by the history of Communism and of the Soviet Union, and by the way Communists everywhere are trained to act and do act. It is an answer which should be pondered by all proponents of appeasement and containment: "The Soviet Union is never in fact provoked. If Moscow wants general war, then general war will begin. Not strength but weakness, in the attitude of the enemy, is the only factor that might speed its beginning."

Science and Man

It would be pleasant to report that all those who possess the clarity of style of Mr. Burnham have the same sharp understanding of the issues of the day; and that all philosophers over eighty have the same wisdom as Mr. Santayana. Bertrand Russell's is one of the keenest minds of our time. The contributions he

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has made to mathematics and logic and the analysis of scientific thought are unparalleled. He writes with charm and brilliance. It is too bad that he could not have restricted himself to the mathematical, logical, and analytical fields where his gifts are so great.

But in the course of his life, and particularly in the latter half of it, he has devoted the greater part of his energy to a series of books and activities concerned with society, politics, and economics. His latest endeavor in this field, ***The Impact of Science on Society*** (Simon and Schuster, $3.00), is largely typical of what has gone before. With all his gifts, with knowledge and enviable lucidity of style, with a power of humor that is biting yet humane, his social thought remains shallow. It is but a more elegant version of the common run of the fashionable intellectual attitudes of the era. As Santayana says of him, in the book reviewed above, "Penetrating as his analysis might be in particular cases, in fundamentals he could never shake himself free from his environment and from the miscellaneous currents of opinion in his day. Except in mathematics, he seemed to practice criticism only sporadically, caught and irresistibly excited by current discussions."

Explicitly, *The Impact of Science on Society* is a consideration of the ways in which science has affected mankind. Implicitly, it is a defense of the scientific approach as one which, for the first time in history, makes it possible for man to "see, however dimly and uncertainly, a possible future culmination in which poverty and war will have been overcome, and fear, where it survives, will have become pathological." A strange conclusion in a book that vividly shows how the horrors of our time result from the simultaneous growth of our scientific ability to control the external world, and the decay of the values which could guide us to use that power fruitfully. But two contradictory attitudes seem to exist side by side in Lord Russell's mind. On the one hand, he can champion an arid scientificism and perpetrate cheap gibes at the churches and at religious creeds, equating, for example, Catholicism with Communism as a threat to mankind. On the other, having done his worst for fifty years — and in this book also — to pour scorn and ridicule on Christianity, he can say with apparent honesty and conviction that "the root of the matter [what we need in order to use our scientific power wisely] is love, Christian love, or compassion."

The answer to this strange contradiction can only be that Lord Russell, with all his greater gifts, is living like so many of our contemporaries on the accumulated capital of the religious tradition of the past, which his social and moral teaching has been continually eroding. For example, his scientific outlook will not allow him to accept "absolute

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theories." Therefore, the doctrine of the inalienable rights of man is one which "as an absolute theory . . . cannot be accepted." The rights of the individual "must be subject to the supreme consideration of the general welfare."

Now, Lord Russell is a man who by and large has fought most stubbornly for the rights of the individual. He was not only anti-Nazi, but equally anti-Communist at a time when it was most unfashionable in his circles to be so. How can he so undermine the philosophical foundation of man's freedom as to make the inalienable rights of a human being conditional on the welfare of the community? No matter how much he warns against the danger of doing this carelessly, there will always be powerful men who will feel that their goals justify the subordination of the individual. Lord Russell's philosophy demands that he repudiate "absolutes," however, even though inherited moral absolutes continue to govern so many of his sympathies and his practical attitudes toward society.

It is interesting that it is a Catholic thinker, F. J. Sheed, inspired by a doctrine which Lord Russell considers as inimical to freedom as is Communism, who seizes this dilemma by the horns. In his ***Society and Sanity*** (Sheed and Ward, $3.00) he writes: "Rights are what man is entitled to, not what society is willing to let him have. They belong to man because he is man, and are valid even against society."

If the nature of man is such that he has these rights, society must be built around that fact, rather than on the molding of man to fit a preconceived idea of what society should be. "In every field, the test of sanity is *what is;* in the field of human relations, the special test is what *man* is. This is the point at which sociology must be rooted in reality." Man's rights derive from his real nature, "from his being not matter only, but spirit as well."

On these foundations *Society and Sanity* proceeds to a discussion of the family and the state. Both those who share Mr. Sheed's religious position and those who do not will find this study stimulating and refreshing. We have become so accustomed to approaches to social questions that are inspired by the desire to bring about some arrangement of society which the writer wants, that an approach which takes as its starting point reverence for the human individual puts institutions and problems in a new light — and also in a very old one. Such a blending of imagination with the insights of the oldest traditions is, perhaps, what wisdom is.

People

It may be that it is lack of the wisdom which sees man fore and aft — in his depths and as a whole, not simply as a psychological silhouette or as a mannequin to be draped

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with sex and sensationalism — which accounts for the lack of interest in so much contemporary fiction. There are exceptions, but on the whole the novels are pretty dull. So far this spring the best I have seen is ***No Name in the Street,*** by Kay Cicellis (Grove Press, $3.00), a young Greek girl who writes in English. This story of a group of young people in the immediate post-war era in Athens has been described as a striking picture of a generation uprooted by the war. Actually, in reading the book, its peculiar quality seems to me to have very little to do with the particular time or place, but to be an intense and immediate presentation of the excruciating experience of adolescence as it has been at all times and in all places. Miss Cicellis' style is not always sustained, but it has great power, particularly in conveying in an almost physical way the sensations and absorptions of her characters, so that a dimension of reality as from within them forces them into life.

On the whole, though, if it is people that one is interested in, not the novelists, but the biographers, diarists, and reporters continue to do the best job. W. L. White, in ***Back Down the Ridge*** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00), gives an unforgettable picture of young Americans in the hell of Korea: how they get wounded, the miracles of their medical treatment, and the magnificent morale they have — based only on loyalty to each other — in a war which seems to them to have been forgotten at home.

The Journal of Charlotte L. Forten (Dryden Press, $5.00) is the diary of a free Negro girl, highly sensitive and an ardent abolitionist, between 1854 and 1864. She knew William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and John Greenleaf Whittier; and she gives a most interesting account of the thousands of liberated slaves in the Sea Islands of South Carolina, among whom she taught in the days just after the Union armies had freed them.

Studies about criminals are usually suspect. In most cases they only lead to a phony kind of glorification. But ***I, Willie Sutton*** (Farrar, Straus and Young, $3.50), the bank robber's personal story, admirably presented by Quentin Reynolds, will unquestionably do more good than harm. At the same time it is intensely absorbing. The history of his crimes, his escapes, and his inner turmoil rings true. Whatever may explain the perverse side of the paradox which is Sutton, the decent, integral, human side emerges in this book by virtue of Sutton's own humility and sincerity. His express aim in writing it, to show the young that "crime is for suckers," is fulfilled not by a few pat moralisms but by the whole fabric and tone of the story.

The Fabulous Fanny, by Norman Katkov (Knopf, $3.95), is a racy story of Fanny Brice in her bizarre Broad-

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way and Hollywood world. Apart from the amusing episodes of her childhood, the main theme and interest is her relationship with Nick Arnstein, which dominates the book as it dominated her life. Its direct simplicity and pain are of a piece with her strength of character, which was never altered by the extravagant circumstances of her life.

The tens of thousands who have had Lear's nonsense rhymes read to them as children and who, in turn, have read them to their own children, must have wondered often what Lear was like as a man. Herbert Van Thal's selection of ***Edward Lear's Journals*** (Coward-McCann, $5.00) — a diary of travel in Italy, Corsica, Greece, Albania, and the Levant between 1851 and 1868 — shows him as a witty and sensitive human being and an observer of nature and people in out-of-the-way corners of the world. It is as much worth reading as *A Book of Nonsense*, and that is saying a lot.

FOR SHEER RELIEF (and because I have never liked the pomposity of the medical profession), ***Doctor in the House,*** by Richard Gordon (Harcourt, Brace, $2.75), is highly recommended. It is one of the funniest books I have read in a long time. The story of a medical student from the beginning of his training till the drunken day when he becomes "Doctor," will be a delight to every well person and a warning to every ill one.

M Is for Mother, by Marjorie Riddell (Longmans, Green, $3.00), is a British version of a Helen Hokinson matron drawn in words. The sketches are amusing, although perhaps that particular quality was caught so well in the direct sketches of Miss Hokinson that the necessarily extended treatment of words cannot match it.

MISCELLANY

The Writer in America. **By Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. $3.00.**

Makers and Finders, Mr. Brooks' five-volume history of the writer in America, has been appearing over a number of years, and this book was first projected as an introduction to it. It became, however, also a statement of his philosophy of literature. There is a good deal of merit to much of his condemnation of the dryness and negativity which has set in, both in contemporary criticism and creative writing; and his attack is made rather more temperately than has been the custom of some who have revolted against the trend of the last generation or two in American letters. It is directed primarily against the pigmy followers rather than against the great leaders of the modern school.

The trouble is not with his criticism but with his positive exhortation. No doubt American writers must achieve a new vision, drawing vitality from sources deeper than the surface rot of the modern world. But

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that takes suffering, deep thought, lived experience. A Pollyanna appeal to reject the concept of original sin, return to Rousseau, and have "faith in human goodness" hardly meets the bill. Nor are Lewis Mumford, James Michener, and Arthur Miller likely to inspire the young writer of today as models of human and artistic greatness.

Solitary Confinement. **By Christopher Burney. Coward-McCann. $2.75.**

How does a man keep himself sane during eighteen months of solitary confinement? Christopher Burney was imprisoned by the Germans in France, but the circumstances of his imprisonment are of secondary interest. Essentially, the experience he relates would differ very little no matter what were the reasons for the imprisonment. What gives the book its vivid, human interest is the detailed story of Mr. Burney's fight with solitude for possession of himself. Told straightforwardly, it is an adventure of a man's mind and soul more exciting than many a tale of hairbreadth danger and escape.

Big Business: A New Era. **By David E. Lilienthal. Harper. $2.75.**

It is good news when so sturdy a paladin of the New Deal and the Fair Deal as Mr. Lilienthal comes forth with a defense of business, and particularly of big business. There is much sense in his book, and his criticism of the abuse of the anti-trust laws to penalize business not for monopoly but simply for bigness, is sound. When, however, he goes further and attacks the basic concept of those laws, demanding a new legal approach which would abolish restrictions on restraint of trade and substitute government action for the "development of trade," one begins to wonder if he is not in love with bigness for its own sake. If not TVA, then a super-trust. If not socialism, then at least monopoly. The individual is lost sight of; progress and efficiency seem to be Lilienthal's gods.

The Sign of Jonas. **By Thomas Merton. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.**

This is in many ways the most satisfactory of Thomas Merton's books. A journal of his thoughts and activities as a Trappist monk, it shows his mind and character in depth and in development.

CORRECTION

While under the direction of a former editor, THE AMERICAN MERCURY published an article entitled *The Flying Saucer Hoax* by Victor Black. It was intended as a purely facetious article, but its purported humor offended Dr. Frederick Bailes, founder of the Science of Mind Church in Los Angeles, and he feels the article referred unfairly to both him and his church.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY regrets any offense to Dr. Bailes, his church or others mentioned in the article.

THE EDITORS

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"Mr. Anti-Communist"

By HOWARD RUSHMORE

SENATOR ROBERT A. TAFT is known throughout the civilized world and the inner circle of Americans for Democratic Action as "Mr. Republican." In a far smaller orbit often referred to soberly as the "American underground," Dr. J. B. Matthews is "Mr. Anti-Communist."

The title has been given Matthews as a sincere accolade by friends who regard "Doc" as the best informed man on the subject of Communism in the United States. They compare his insight into the murky depths of Red intrigue to an X-ray searching out the untruths of Marxist philosophy.

As a token of their esteem for the former research director of the House Un-American Activities Committee, more than three hundred prominent Red-beaters gathered recently at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria in New York for a testimonial dinner on his behalf and showered him with medals, gifts, and praise.

Now dinners on behalf of Communists and fellow-travelers who are on the way to jail, or just out, are not uncommon; but a gathering honoring an anti-Red of the Matthews mold is a rarity in the history of American political gastronomy.

Two years ago, when Senator Joseph McCarthy emerged battered but unbowed from the Tydings committee "hearing," the Wisconsin solon presented "Doc" with a desk set inscribed: "To J. B. Matthews, a star-spangled American, from one of his pupils and admirers." Another pupil was the Duke of Windsor, who once asked Matthews for a quick summary of the Communist menace and emerged from a three-hour session with royal eyes bulging and gasped, "The things I never knew until now!"

This respect is not shared by a wide section of what is quaintly known as "liberal" opinion, particularly among that segment dedicated to higher education. To be blunt, the average college professor views Matthews with the same startled horror a nudist colony feels for a hovering helicopter. This pedagogic reaction has been a slow and steady outgrowth of Matthews' public contentions that educators have formed a major portion of the

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Communist front movement for two decades. This charge he has documented before dozens of congressional and State hearings and in his writings. Even universities which once charged that Matthews was a threat to academic freedom have since fired the faculty members he exposed as Communists; but they have forgotten that it was Matthews who opened the battle. In many educational quarters, he is regarded as a public enemy and so labeled at their academic teas and cocktail parties.

ALTHOUGH this particular phase of anti-Communism is only one of Matthews' activities, he regards it with a fierce delight and pursues the cerise professors with undisguised glee, particularly when he trees one who has been caught with his fifth amendment showing. The 1948 Illinois state investigation of the University of Chicago is a case in point.

This probe was headed by Senator Paul W. Broyles, and Matthews was retained as the chief (and only) investigator. A few hours after the Illinois legislators called him, "Doc" was on his way to Springfield with two suitcases crammed with documents and photostats. Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, then chancellor of the University, reacted in the standard fashion. He retained a top New York public relations firm to "defend" the University, and Matthews was soon getting a working-over in that section of the press and radio under Hutchins' influence. But "Doc" called his witnesses, examined them, and flung photostat after photostat of Communist-front letterheads in their faces. He revealed that 60 persons listed in the University's 1949 directory had been affiliated with 135 Communist fronts, in 465 separate affiliations.

Few of the academic minds who regard Matthews as a Kentucky Hitler realize that the object of their scorn is an educator himself — and a good one. During his 59 years, he has served as instructor on the faculties of 42 colleges, universities, and summer schools in seventeen states and five foreign countries. An expert on Oriental languages, he likes to entertain friends by reading, in the original tongue, passages from the *Rigveda* and the *Mahabharata*. While a teacher in Java, he translated one hundred Methodist hymns into the Malayan language.

"One of the proud moments of my life," he says, "was the night I passed through a Malay village and paused outside a little bamboo church to listen to the singing of one of my translations, Cardinal Newman's 'Lead Kindly Light.' "

Despite this formidable background, Matthews makes no ostentatious display of his erudition. In most of his daily conversation, he uses the language of an articulate truck driver; and in moments of wrath he can match the latter's

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proletarian vocabulary. Neither does he affect the baggy tweeds and wool tie of the regimented professor. His suits are neat, double-breasted models for business; at home, visitors are apt to find him attired in Bermuda shorts and a gaudy sports shirt. Perhaps the most hilarious picture of America's leading anti-Communist is the one taken by his pretty wife, Ruth, showing him in a flannel nightgown testifying via long-distance phone to a Senate subcommittee.

LUCKILY, Matthews is an insomnia victim, for such close friends as Adolphe Menjou and Ward Bond are apt to call him around dawn, New York time, to check the "front" record of some Hollywood character. A rugged physique that helped him win football and basketball letters in college is also important; for Matthews often works 36 hours without sleep when a Senate or House committee calls on him for documents. A handy man with a highball, "Doc" can handle his bourbon like a true Southern gentleman. And his dinners, prepared personally, are a gourmet's delight. At "Doc's" parties can be found such individuals as Westbrook Pegler, AFL leader Roy Brewer, Rabbi Benjamin Schultz, Father J. Franklin Ewing, Whittaker Chambers, George Sokolsky, Joe McCarthy, and Elizabeth Bentley.

Matthews lists only one qualification for his guests: They must be anti-Communist, they must know *why* they are, and they must be doing something about it.

This latter quality of action is a "must" for the man who came out of an old-line Southern Methodist family in Hopkinsville, Kentucky, and by 1935 was being praised by the *Daily Worker* for his Madison Square Garden speeches in New York, where he "made a trenchant attack upon the illusions of bourgeois democracy among the intelligentsia."

For Matthews, the road from Hopkinsville to Union Square was an unusual one, via Java, a theological seminary, Europe, and pacifism. He didn't realize when he was a 29-year-old professor in Tennessee that a new career had opened when he agreed to speak in the 1924 LaFollette campaign. Then a pacifist, young Professor Matthews branched out in the social gospel to include advocating better race relations in his native South. As he went about pleading for a truly Christian approach to the Negro problem, his popularity soared in certain Protestant circles and fell steadly at meetings of the trustees of his school.

He resigned quietly rather than embarrass his superiors, and later wrote: "I felt neither ill-treated nor crucified. I was jobless, but that seemed to me no consideration comparable to the gain of standing for what I believed. Years later when I opposed Communists on

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grounds similar to those which cost me my faculty position, I was taunted, to my back, by arch-conservatives who mistakenly believed and said that my anti-Communist stand was in line with the interests of my pocketbook."

After a trip abroad and more teaching, Matthews made a fateful decision in 1929. He had the choice of two jobs: one as executive co-chairman of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and the other an invitation to take the chair of Hebrew at an Eastern university.

In his book, *Odyssey of a Fellow Traveler* (a pioneer work on domestic Communism published in 1938), Matthews said that the decision to go to the Fellowship of Reconciliation took him into "four and a half years . . . of numerous radical activities of a socialist and pacifist complexion. As I look back upon that work, it seems that I had a finger in almost everything radical."

He joined the Socialist party and became one of the outstanding left-wing speakers of the early 1930's. Soon he was aligned with that section of the Socialists advocating a united front with the Communists. He became more and more in demand as a speaker. He still has in his files a telegram from the Communist front group he was to expose before the Dies Committee a few years later, pleading with him to speak before the comrades of the American League Against War and Fascism.

Matthews finally was named national chairman of the League in 1933, and he met often with such Communist leaders as Earl Browder, Clarence Hathaway, Joe Lash, and dozens of others. He made clear to them that he was a Socialist opposed to war and, while a complete believer in the united front, he was not and would never be a Communist. Perhaps the comrades had hopes of eventually recruiting him, for they accepted him on his own political grounds and sent him all over the nation speaking on behalf of the League.

While he was in Detroit on a tour, Matthews heard the news of the now-famous riot at Madison Square Garden during which 10,000 Communists stormed the huge arena to do battle with 20,000 Socialists and trade unionists gathered to protest the murder of Austrian workers by the Nazi regime.

This was a domestic application of the German Communist party's theory that the rise of the Nazi party would help the destruction of the Socialists in Germany. More than one hundred Communists and Socialists went to the hospital as a result of the Garden riot, and Matthews resigned his job as chairman of the League.

"Actually, my career as a fellow traveler lasted only thirteen months," Matthews goes on to explain nowadays.

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His denunciations of such tactics brought an about-face on the part of the *Daily Worker*. The paper which in 1935 was hailing Matthews as a "leading revolutionary Socialist," within a matter of months was calling him a liar, strike-breaker, criminal, vigilante organizer, and labor-baiter. When he went to the Dies Committee, the comrades turned a deep purple and denounced him in special editorials.

Actually, Matthews points out, he remained in the united front several months after the Garden incident, trying to persuade the Communists, pacifists, and Socialists to form common cause against Hitler: "I had been years in arriving at a belief in Socialism (or Communism in the sense in which Marx expounded it) and I was equally slow in rejecting that belief."

But in 1936, Matthews "had reached the deep conviction that present-day radicalism in general and Communism in particular is the most complete illusion ever born in the human brain, that its usually sincerely held ideals of liberty, fraternity, equality, and security are certain to be negated by their extreme opposites if Communists ever come into complete possession of the government of this country."

It has been estimated that at least 500,000 Americans have joined and then left the Communist party since the organization was founded in 1919. Another half million fall into Matthews' category of fellow travelers who basked briefly in the false noon of Marxism and left for other climes. About ninety-five per cent of both types retreated into capitalist Babbittry and were happy to forget their political mistake, a tactic quite in keeping with American traditions, but of no value whatsoever in the battle against totalitarianism of the Left.

By 1938, Matthews had reached the stage of thinking of the five per cent who feel that their knowledge of the Marxist conspiracy should be put to use to preserve the republic. He agreed to testify before the Dies Committee, and reveal his knowledge of Communist plans, stratagems, and tactics.

In those days, Congress was not particularly concerned over the Communist menace. The Dies Committee had not been granted permanent status and was operating on a small appropriation. And Martin Dies, Joe Starnes, and other Committee members certainly were not experts on the subject. Matthews, who had been recommended by George Sokolsky as an excellent authority, testified for ten hours in executive session at the United States Courthouse. That lengthy record formed the backbone of the committee's tactics and strategy to come, but even Matthews would not have guessed then that the foundation was being laid for the convictions of Alger Hiss, twenty-four Red conspirators, and other Communists a decade later.

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A FEW WEEKS later Matthews was made chief research director of the committee. "My first job was to build up a file," he says. "I started from scratch with five copies of the *Daily Worker*."

This file was to become the most complete collection of Communist publications and documents in the United States within the next three years. Thousands of names were cross-indexed and as many as thirty FBI agents, Army and Navy Intelligence officers, and Civil Service investigators daily availed themselves of its contents during World War II. Matthews tells of one incident when a Civil Service agent grabbed a file, went through it quickly and said, "This guy's got too long a 'front' record. If we reported him, he'd be promoted."

There was ample truth in that incident, as Matthews was to discover. Except for the brief period of the Hitler-Stalin pact, the comrades not only were in the favor of the New Deal but even in the White House having tea with Mrs. Roosevelt. Dies and Matthews took an unmerciful beating at the hands of the Administration and the "liberal" columnists and commentators who applied the smear of "fascists" to the struggling little committee.

This epithet was particularly inaccurate, for Matthews interrogated more than 150 German-American Bundists, KKK members, and various leaders of the anti-Semitic groups in 1940–41.

Simultaneously, Matthews was calling to the witness stand Earl Browder and other Communist leaders, in the first public exposure of the Red fronts and their close ties to Moscow. The Bund papers were denouncing Matthews as a Jew and a Communist while the *Daily Worker* was calling him a fascist and an anti-Semite.

The committee's probe of the Bund and the espionage and propaganda work carried on within the German consulates in this country was summarized in the famous *Appendix Two* published by the Special Committee on Un-American Activities in 1940. This report, complete with German translations by Guenther Reinhardt, directly resulted in President Roosevelt's executive order of July 1940, expelling all German consuls from the United States.

This excellent work was forgotten by the New Deal during the next three years, when Matthews began producing scores of Communist documents showing the long list of government employees in dozens of Red-front organizations. Cries of "witch-hunt" came down from Capitol Hill, and demands came from the Administration for abolition of the committee.

MATTHEWS became a special target. Washington insiders — and, of course, the Communists — knew that he was the brain-truster back of the committee's relentless exposures. Dies and the other com-

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mittee members had complete faith in their research director and backed him even in the face of devastating political pressure from their own party. This loyalty has never been forgotten by Matthews, and to this day he has a warm friendship for Martin Dies. He even named one of his sons for the Texas Congressman. "Dies had more native intelligence than all of the Harvard pundits who criticized him," Matthews says. "And, unlike them, he had a fierce loyalty to the United States."

During the years until 1944, Matthews prepared hundreds of reports, examined 400 witnesses in public sessions and 600 more in executive meetings. He made available to the Administration the Communist records of high-placed government officials who were later named in 1948 and 1949 as Soviet agents. But the strong belief in anonymity that is part of Matthews' creed guided his work, and it is his boast that during the six years he served on the committee he never made a public speech and did not give one on-the-record interview to newspaper men.

His crowning work was the writing, with the assistance of Benjamin Mandel, another anti-Communist research expert, of the monumental *Appendix Nine*. The six volumes of this report contained the names of thousands of persons who had sponsored Communist fronts from 1930 to 1944, and the master index is still used by government agencies and private investigating groups all over the country.

Dies did not run for Congress in the 1944 elections, and Matthews returned to private research work. He immediately went to work building up a private file, and his office library now contains not only bound volumes of all congressional and State committee reports on Communism, but a master file index that is the envy of the FBI. It is not unusual to walk into his office and find a high school student, a Navy Intelligence officer, and a G-man wading through the rows of files.

Matthews still avoids the limelight, except for his appearances before committees investigating Communism, and occasional speeches to such groups as the American Legion ("I regard the Legion as the finest anti-Communist organization in the United States"). He writes brilliant exposures and analyses of Communist tactics for various publications, and is the author of scores of books.

If he is intolerant of anything, it is the Johnny-come-lately anti-Communist who plunges into the battle with no knowledge of the enemy he is up against. "You've got to have the facts, you've got to have the data," Matthews repeats to newcomers. "If it takes the rest of your life to get these facts, spend your time that way, but don't rush into this fight without facts. Wait until you *know*."

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In the course of a recently completed project, one of the most ambitious he has undertaken, Matthews studied more than 35,000 file cards, searching out the educators who have been the most active in support of Communist causes.

"I wanted to identify the worst offenders," he said. "I did not even consider an educator who had belonged to less than twenty 'front' organizations."

And thus far he has found more than 100 professors who have achieved that high standard, of whom 72 are listed in *Who's Who in America*. There are times when this big, humorous man, with sharp blue eyes and thin white hair, feels just a bit sorry for these academic Red agitators. After all, he has five university degrees himself, including a full professorship and a doctorate.

Dr. Matthews is publishing in this issue of the American Mercury his study on the inroads that Communism has made in the schools and colleges of America.

He fully expects a furious renewal of the attacks against him from all sides of the academic front. Professors, like policemen, instinctively close ranks to shield any accused colleague, regardless of the merits or demerits of the charges.

And Matthews also knows that when the brickbats are falling the thickest, he will have the full support of the small group of insiders who are familiar with his work, have the highest regard for his integrity, and refer to him among themselves as:

"Mr. Anti-Communist."

» You should never wear your best trousers when you go out to fight for freedom and truth. — *Henrik Ibsen*

» More knowledge may be gained of a man's real character by a short conversation with one of his servants than from a formal and studied narrative, begun with his pedigree and ended with his funeral. — *Samuel Johnson*

» Life would be a perpetual flea hunt, if a man were obliged to run down all the innuendos, inveracities, insinuations and misrepresentations which are uttered against him. — *Henry Ward Beecher*

» The worth of the mind consisteth not in going high, but in marching orderly. — *Michel de Montaigne*

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They're *Traditionalists* at Trinity

BY H. L. MORROW

For over three centuries "Trinity College, Dublin" has been a label for learning as closely knit with the Arts and Sciences as Paris is with *haute couture*, Portugal with port wine, Yorkshire with pudding, or Brussels with lace — or sprouts. And it takes its stand with any university in the world for its great men no less than for its great scholars — personalities as vividly varied as Jonathan Swift and Tom Moore; Goldsmith and Sir William Rowan Hamilton, the prodigious mathematician who discovered quaternions; Edmund Burke and Bram Stoker, creator of *Dracula*.

"Trinity," as Trinity men rarely lose an opportunity of pointing out, is much more than a mere synonym for scholarship. They claim that it stands, in effect, for more than three centuries of Ireland's stirring and multicolored social and political history packed into stone, bricks, mortar and tree-shaded quadrangles, where the ghost of many a famous man of the past may even today be felt if not glimpsed.

There is another and equally outspoken school of thought which claims that Trinity always has been and is today an alien institution which has created and maintained a "Little England" in the heart of Dublin. But neither party denies the existence of the Trinity tradition, or of the Trinity ghosts. Should you care to lie in wait for a "visible" ghost, do so at dusk outside Number 25. Here, they say, you may see a spectral figure in wig, gown and knee-breeches hurrying across the quadrangle — the ghost of Edward Ford, a miserly Fellow of the College, who in 1734 was shot dead by students whom he had attacked with a blunderbuss!

Sixty years ago, when it celebrated its tercentenary, William Hartpole Lecky, the great historian and occupant of the Chair of History at the university, declared that for 300 years Trinity had been not merely a university of great mathematicians or classical scholars, of great divines or metaphysicians; it had also been the university of Jonathan Swift and Oliver Goldsmith, of Congreve and Burke, of Tom Moore, poet and patriot, and of Thomas Davis, the inspirer of a century of Irish political revolution. "Whatever its enemies may say of it," added Lecky, "it has been the university of the nation and not merely of a party or sect." Let us take a look for ourselves.

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THOSE who are today inclined to take Lecky's sweeping claim with a large grain of salt find support for their doubts in the figures in last year's roster at Trinity. Of 2,191 full-time students on the roll, 434 came from the six-county area controlled by the Belfast government; only 900 came from the 26 counties of the Republic of Ireland; of the balance 634 came from Britain, and overseas students numbered 219.

These figures — in the way of all statistics — can be made to prove pretty well any case and every case, for or against Trinity. Possibly what they most clearly prove is that Trinity offers first-class university education at a cost that suits most bank balances.

Pensioners, ordinary students in arts, are placed on the college books after payment of an entrance fee of $45 — and their college fees come to no more than $58 each half-year. Degree fees are payable, but no one can claim that these impose a burden. The Bachelor in Arts pays no more than $10 on the day he acquires the right to wear his black hood. Degree day costs for a Doctor of Medicine come to $60; for a Doctor of Divinity the fee is a mere $63, highest on the list.

But the cost of being a Trinity man can be cut even lower. Scholarships whittle down the annual expenses. The full number of scholarship holders is 70. Until a King's Letter of George IV abolished the rule, only 30 could be "natives" (Hibernici); but today each and every scholar can be as Irish as the Blarney Stone — provided that he can beat eligible overseas candidates in competitive scholarship examinations. And in addition to saving considerable sums of money in fees, the scholars may, if they wish to invoke an ancient ordinance, exercise their rights to shoot snipe for dinner in College Park — first having found their snipe.

Sizars have even better financial luck. Their college fees are a mere dollar and one-half per quarter. They have Commons free of all charge — or, to put it in less academic language, they dine each day at the expense of the college. And their room rent while in residence in college is cut by half — which leaves them living as nearly rent-free as makes no matter, for the rent of a student's room in Trinity, normally shared by the two or three students who share the room, is never higher than $72 a year and more generally drops to $36 per annum.

THERE was a time when the sizar of Trinity had to pay in kind for his cash privileges. From mediaeval times the sizar earned his reductions in fees by serving his wealthier fellow-students at table.

The story is told of how one poor Trinity sizar, Richard Murray, in the early 18th century, stumbling and falling as he carried a huge dish to the fellows' table, exclaimed, after

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the laughter had died down: "When I'm provost no sizar shall ever be required to perform the work of a menial servant."

Forty years later, Murray — then become a famous mathematician — was elected provost. And he kept his promise: henceforth no Trinity sizar was ever required to serve at table — a humane and civilized innovation which was not adopted by most other universities until some 50 years later. Trinity, too, may claim to be the first university to abolish the class-distinction by which the sons of peers or of rich parents — they paid double fees and were entitled to be addressed as "Mr." — were privileged to dress in ornate gowns with gold-tasselled mortar boards.

Fifty years ago, incidentally, the majority of Trinity students were sons of clergymen of the Church of Ireland, runners-up being the sons of medical men, lawyers, successful businessmen and "gentlemen" — in that order. Today, by far the greatest number are sons of businessmen, followed closely by farmers' sons and a long way after by sons of the Church and the Civil Service. (Since 1923 no student has given the occupation of his father as "Gentleman.")

PAST and present — future too — closely and curiously intermingle in Trinity's lecture-halls, library, laboratories and quadrangles. Nothing remains of the original Elizabethan structure and, to the passer-by in College Green, Trinity is only the Palladian-style granite façade of 1759, with its Corinthian columns of graciously weathered Portland stone, its dark gateway, leading to a vista of quadrangle and Victorian companile, with, in front, its little lawns with Foley's graceful statues of two famous *alumni*, Goldsmith and Burke.

A porter in a blue coat and hunting cap emerges from the gloom of the gatehouse and is lost again in shadow — a figure from the past, you'd say. The period could be either today or yesterday or the 18th century; for here in Trinity — even the passers-by can sense it — time has a curious trick of curving back on itself, of moving in three directions at once.

Old customs here and there surprisingly prevail. Each night, for example, the Junior Dean is lighted from his chambers to the dining hall by a porter carrying a lantern with a lighted candle clipped inside. His entrance is solemnly intoned to the students who "live in" and who are bound by rule to dine each evening in dining hall unless expressly excused by the provost.

There are compensations for that rule, and also for the rule which lays down that, if there are two dinners, freshmen must dine at the first one, leaving the second to graduates and sophisters. In these days of high prices the cost of a week's dinners — and excellent dinners they are — does not exceed $3.

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In earlier days dining-hall discipline in Trinity seems to have been more than a little harsh on the students, all of whom at mealtimes were obliged to converse "soberly" and in Latin. Should a student not obey regulations he was instantly ordered to be put in the stocks, which were kept in readiness in the corner of the hall.

Pretty well the worst that can happen to a diner at Trinity today is a fine of a quarter for omitting to put down his name on the list for Commons. But the present-day diner shares one major disability with his predecessors of 300 years: he must dine always in male company, for women are not permitted to use the dining hall.

WOMEN have been students at Trinity for the past 50 years but the 60 women who are students there today are subject to rules and regulations with a somewhat Victorian smack about them.

Although they are technically residents of Trinity, women may not live in the college precincts. They must reside in houses in the city approved by the lady registrar and passed as being suitable by the university's own sanitary officers and inspectors, or in Trinity Hall, a fine hostel pleasantly and distantly situated on Dartry Road in Dublin's outer suburbs.

The College Calendar somewhat stuffily announces that Trinity Hall has direct connection with Trinity College by omnibus, which is another way of saying that the girls from Trinity Hall may catch a convenient city bus service to lectures. But even that convenient transport service does not carry women into the full life of the university.

The rules sternly say that women must be out of college by six o'clock each evening, but that with written permission they may remain until 9 o'clock to read in the library. For some obscure reason the girls, who must wear academic dress at all times while in the college precincts, are not admitted to the assistant registrar's office, save on business of pressing importance. As a very great concession, women students are permitted to celebrate the day of college races, the great social day of the Trinity year, by remaining in college until nine o'clock in the evening — the hour, incidentally, when the nightly roll call closes the gates of Trinity to all students of less than Bachelor of Arts status.

Not even college races can exempt women students from the strictest of all embargoes placed on them. Unless accompanied by parents or guardians, women students are forbidden to visit college residential rooms and staircases. The embargo applies not only to the rooms and staircases of men students but also to the rooms and the staircases of grinders and members of the staff. "Women students," concedes the rule primly, "may visit their tutor's rooms on tutorial business."

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THE concession which allows women students to read in the library until nine in the evening makes them free of one of Trinity's greatest glories. The library is one of the finest in the world, housing over 500,000 volumes, many of them priceless. Among the most valued, of course, is the famous Book of Kells, an exquisite 8th-century vellum manuscript of the Gospels, with illuminated capitals whose ingenious and delicately wrought interlacing is among the greatest achievements of medieval penmanship.

The Book — which, incidentally, is not insured, since it is in fact priceless — is so called because it was probably penned in St. Columba's monastery at Kells, County Meath. (Incidentally, it is not true that on her visit to Dublin in 1849 Queen Victoria wrote her name in the Book — which would have been a monstrous piece of vandalism. Actually, on being asked for her signature by the college authorities, she obliged by inscribing it on a sheet of parchment which was later bound up in the book.)

The Queen's name is far from being the most famous on Trinity's roll of honor. Its notable scientific men have been as famous for their reticence as for their achievements, among them George Francis Fitzgerald, the physicist (1851-1901), and John Joly, Professor of Geology, who died in 1933. Only today, 20 years after his death, is the public becoming aware that it was Joly who, among other things, invented natural-color photography away back in 1894 and earlier formulated the now-famous theory of the "canals" on Mars.

Almost 60 years ago (in his shirt sleeves but wearing a top hat) Fitzgerald was experimenting with full-scale gliders in College Park. Not only a pioneer in aviation, he was a daring and brilliant inventor who made the first experiments in what is now called radar. In 1887 it was he who suggested to Hertz the theory which eventually led to the formulation of Einstein's theory of relativity nearly 30 years later.

Fitzgerald's contribution to the development of radio and television was the forerunner of infinitely more important contributions in our own day. In 1951 the Nobel Prize for Physics was awarded to Professor E. T. S. Walton, Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy at Trinity, who shared with Sir John Cockcroft of Cambridge the distinction of being the first man to split the atom.

The college that is steeped in the traditions of three and a half centuries has readily adapted itself to the demands of the atomic age.

» Scholars' pens carry farther, and give a louder report than thunder.
— *Sir Thomas Browne*

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What Kind of War?

By George Fielding Eliot

In our last two wars we had an advantage, at the beginning, which we are not likely to have again.

When we began to fight, what may be called the shape of the war — its general character, the outlines of its strategy, the weapons and tactical methods by which it was to be fought — had been pretty well determined.

Our basic military plans, therefore, could be put together on a definite, concrete basis. The dimensions and nature of the job to be done were known. That being so, it was not too difficult to provide the tools to do it with. We are in no such happy situation today.

There were, of course, differences in detail between our approach to World War I and to World War II.

We had been able to take a good long look at World War I before we got into it. Its tactical novelties — the effect of machine-gun fire (which should have been no novelty at all), the tank, gas, military aviation, and the use of submarines against merchant shipping — were all known to us before we entered the war. We had merely to decide — at our leisure and in full security — how best to use our military resources: that decision indeed was made for us by the course the war was taking. There was just one thing to do: Organize and train an American army and send it to the western front in Europe to help the British and French defeat the German army — and do this before the Russian collapse permitted the Germans to concentrate their full force in the west. It was as simple as that.

In World War II we had similarly been able to take a good long look at the progress of the war in Europe. We had become acquainted with "blitzkrieg," with at least some of the effects of strategic bombing, and with the opening pages of a new chapter in the never-finished story of submarine and anti-submarine. It is true that Pearl Harbor took us by surprise, but there was nothing really new to us about the general idea of a war with Japan in the Pacific. We had been thinking out and planning it for years. Books had been written on the subject.

The big decision we had to make at the outset was: Shall we concen-

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trate first against Germany, taking the defensive temporarily against Japan, or vice versa? Having decided on Germany as the nearer and more dangerous of our two enemies, our expanding resources presently enabled us to undertake the offensive against the Japanese too. Once the war began, the Japanese provided few surprises — except perhaps the rather pleasing one of their inability either to use their own submarines effectively or to defend against ours.

GERMAN surprises — guided missiles and jet aircraft — came too late to affect the course of the war seriously, as otherwise they might have done. We ourselves provided a few tactical surprises for our foes — the atomic bomb, of course, but also the proximity fuse, rockets, landing craft, and a wide variety of anti-submarine devices, among other things. But it is safe to say that the greatest surprise we sprang on the enemy (and indeed on our skeptical selves) during World War II was neither strategic nor tactical — it was in the realm of logistics and production.

The tremendous tonnages of men and material which we hurled across both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans to overwhelm the Japanese Empire and the German armies of the west were unprecedented in military history. The memory of these gargantuan efforts ranks today, we may be sure, quite on a level with the atomic bomb as a deterrent factor in Soviet calculations.

Today, however, we look out upon a world clouded with sinister uncertainties. Each April, our Chiefs of Staff must set down on paper the basic assumptions on which the military budget for the fiscal year, which begins a year from the following July, will be prepared. They must guess what forces we are going to need a year and a half from the time the guess is made. It takes that long to put the budget together, pass it through the various levels of approval and revision, and get it accepted by Congress. This is no simple task, no light responsibility.

It involves little that is definitely known, still less that can be definitely anticipated. The Chiefs of Staff must make provision for four main factors (in addition to the immediate needs of the Korean war):

1. The defense of the United States home territory against hostile attack — something we have not had to think about since 1812.

2. The size and character of the contributions that we shall make to the defense against hostile attack of our allies and our overseas bases, and of our sea and air communications therewith.

3. The maintenance in being of a striking force sufficient to command the respect of the Soviet enemy, plus a limited reserve of ready force (land, sea and air) to deal with any new limited emergency anywhere in the world.

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4. Keeping up a sufficient flow of production, plus stand-by facilities for its rapid expansion, so that we could step up to full production and full mobilization within a safe time limit: that is, before our ready forces could be overwhelmed and our reserve stocks of war weapons and war material exhausted. This time gap is much shorter than it used to be.

THE great difficulty — the almost insurmountable difficulty — is that so far the enemy has been calling the shots. We have not known what kind of war we may have to fight, or where, or when. We have tried to contain the enemy when he has made aggressive moves — in Berlin, in Greece, in Korea. We have tried to deter him from launching an all-out war. We have created the forces we needed for these purposes as we went along, all the while hoping against hope for some kind of "settlement," either by negotiation or by the internal collapse of the Soviet Empire.

As a result, we find ourselves today in a state of partial mobilization. We are trying to maintain some degree of readiness to fight limited wars if we have to, and some degree of readiness to mobilize for a big war if we have to do that. It's all based on guesswork, and will continue to be unless and until we regain some degree of initiative ourselves. That's why you see the budget being continually revised, "stretched out" at times and speeded up at others.

This purely defensive attitude is, of course, anathema to the military mind. The defensive in war (cold or hot) is considered justified only when in a state of decided inferiority, and then only temporarily — to gain time for reinforcements to arrive or for the situation to change so that the offensive may be resumed. The offensive alone brings positive results. President Eisenhower has been trained to think in these terms since he first entered West Point.

There are already signs that he is seeking to regain the initiative in the cold war. To the extent that he succeeds in doing so — to the extent that our policy begins to include positive actions which we have decided on for ourselves, rather than mere preparation for defense against something the enemy may do — to that extent, our military planning becomes easier. Part, at any rate, of our resources can then be allotted to a definite object, of which the dimensions are known in advance.

THE elements of force now available for the discharge of the various missions above outlined are as follows:

1. Home defense: The Air Defense Command of the Air Force, with the Army's Anti-Aircraft Command under its operational direction; plus the Civil Defense organization, as yet woefully under-developed due to lack of public interest and understanding.

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2. Defense of our allies, overseas bases and overseas communications: In Europe: the Seventh Army, with its tactical air forces, the garrisons in Berlin, Austria and Trieste, and the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean. In the Far East: the Eighth Army in Korea, the XVI Corps in Japan, the garrisons in Okinawa and the Marianas, the Far East Air Forces, and the Seventh Fleet. In the Atlantic Ocean: the anti-submarine forces of the Atlantic Fleet, combined under NATO command with British and Canadian naval forces.

3. Striking force: the Strategic Air Command, principally based in the United States but partly in the British Isles and North Africa. Naval carrier task forces (Atlantic and Pacific Fleets). Reserve for emergencies: seven divisions in the continental United States, with some supporting troops and a limited number of tactical air units, plus the garrisons of Puerto Rico, Panama, Hawaii, Alaska. Also two Marine divisions and two Marine air wings.

4. Mobilization reserves: the National Guard and the organized reserve elements of the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps. (Very few of these are in any shape to take the field in less than six to twelve months, but legislation passed last year promises to provide at least a partial flow of fully trained men into the ranks of Guard and reserve units. It will be another year before tangible results can be realized.)

Reviewing these missions, and the forces allotted thereto, it cannot be too strongly emphasized that one very great difference between any future "big war" and World Wars I and II will be the fact that next time we must fight defensively at home as well as offensively abroad. The birth of air power brought an end to the centuries-long immunity of Britain from direct attack. The extension of air power's reach, added to the atomic bomb, has now put an end to American immunity from direct attack. Our productive capabilities are the core and center of our fighting strength, which is based on the development of machines (firepower) rather than massed battalions (manpower). In this field we are vastly superior to any possible opponent, *once we get going*. Our interval of vulnerability is that between the first day of war and the day when our production curve rises to "full speed ahead." It is during this interval — and probably at its outset — that we must expect enemy assaults directed against our centers of production, with the purpose of preventing that curve from ever starting to rise. This means that a very considerable amount of our airplane and weapon output and of our trained manpower must be diverted to purely defensive purposes from now on.

It also means that our defensive preparations must be sufficient to enable our home front to survive any probable scale of hostile attack.

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It would be unfortunate if we allotted too large a share of our resources to defense; but it might be fatal if we did not allot enough. Further, as already remarked, military defense alone will not do the job. Hand in hand with military defense must go a sound and well-organized Civil Defense — which means that the men and women who live and work in our cities, our centers of production, must be prepared and trained to defend themselves, their homes and work places. Good Civil Defense can cut down casualties and property damage by as much as 50 per cent, maybe more. This could make the difference between defeat and victory. Here the responsibility lies only partly on the federal government; Civil Defense is chiefly the task of state and local governments and of citizens as individuals and in their organized groups of every kind.

As to the character of any "big war" of the immediate future, outside the area of home defense, we must first of all ask ourselves what the hostile objective might be. Probably it would be to gain possession of the industrial production of Western Europe with a view to redressing the present imbalance of productive capacity. The oil of the Middle East has also been much talked of as a possible Soviet objective, and certainly in a long war the oil position of the Soviet Union would be a serious handicap. But it is difficult to see how the Kremlin could hope to gain possession of Middle Eastern oil *production* by a military effort, and thereafter convert this production to its own use, without at the same time seeking to overrun Western Europe and close the Mediterranean to western air- and seapower. Moreover, the men in the Kremlin, not being fools, are unlikely to start deliberately any war that promises to be a long war, unless they can at the very outset, using the advantages of surprise attack at their own selected moment, so shift the over-all balance of military production of all kinds as to swing that balance in their favor.

Thus, while Middle Eastern oil may well be a secondary Soviet objective, we are compelled to assume that if the Kremlin launches an all-out war, it will begin by (a) attacking the production centers of the United States with atomic weapons, and (b) simultaneously launching its ground forces westward toward the production centers of west Germany, Belgium, and France; from which locations it can subsequently assault British production with short-range aircraft and guided missiles, and employ its submarines to whittle down the flow of American military cargoes across the Atlantic Ocean.

So considered, the present disposition of our forces, and the underlying principle of the North Atlantic Alliance, both make a good deal of sense, supported as they are

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by the deterrent effect of our Strategic Air Force and our far-ranging naval carrier task forces, both armed with atomic weapons. If, in addition, the tactical use of atomic weapons can sharply reduce the value of Soviet superiority in massed battalions, and if our defensive preparations are such that the Soviet forces can have little hope of upsetting our superiority in weapons and weapon production by any series of surprise attacks, then the chances of a deliberate Soviet decision to start World War III will be greatly reduced, and the chances of a Soviet victory if such a war is launched through desperation or misjudgment will be at the vanishing point.

We must not, however, forget that war — as Clausewitz remarks — is a political act, the translation of policy into the realm of violence. Except that we are not battering each other with atomic bombs as yet, we are today at war with the Soviet Union to all intents and purposes: certainly in the political field. The only reason that the Kremlin is not now seeking to achieve its political ends by full-scale violence is because it does not dare assume the risks of doing so. These risks are both military and political.

For one thing, the Soviet leaders are by no means sure their slave empire would not come apart at the seams under the strains of war. They have been badly shaken by the Yugoslav defection, which adroit American diplomacy has transformed into a Balkan alliance of Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey which must in any future war divert at least a third of the total Soviet power. (If Ambassador George V. Allen doesn't get a medal for this job, there's no justice.) Soviet plans for preventing more defections (such, for example, as Bulgaria, Albania, Eastern Germany, maybe even China one of these days) are political plans. Purges, trials, secret police, terror everywhere. This is a defensive effort — as important to the Kremlin as the air defense of the USSR which is symbolized by the MIG-15 airplane, if not more so. In this area, it now appears that we are stepping up our offensive efforts.

THE Soviets have a political offensive program, too. They are pretty well discouraged with the results obtained in this country and in western Europe. In those areas they are shifting from outright political disruption to underground schemes for espionage and sabotage. But in "soft spots" such as Iran, the Arab states, some parts of Latin America, Southeast Asia and India, they are busily at work. It must never be forgotten that while we seek to counter their political offensive in these places, our success depends in large part upon the usually shrewd judgment of the people who live there as to our ability, if the cards are down, to back up our policies with force. Korea was one test

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of that ability. Other tests may be forced upon us.

This is the reason why we have to be ready to fight another little war even as we make ready to fight a big one if we have to. This is why we have to keep a sort of "fire brigade" of ready troops, air squadrons and naval vessels on call in the United States: of which the two Marine divisions with their air wings, backed by carrier-based naval aviation, are the hot-shot emergency spearhead. Here we have one tremendous advantage — the command of the sea, and the consequent strategic mobility of all elements of our forces. Time is everything in such cases, as any soldier who helped defend the Pusan perimeter in the fall of 1950 will tell you. We just barely squeaked through as it was, throwing in increments of arriving troops to fill the gaps. One battalion less on any given day and we wouldn't have made it. Today we could have 20,000 Marines and 300 aircraft on the job in most parts of the world within two weeks of the time the fire-bell rang. Maybe not enough — but an improvement.

As long as we stand face to face with an armed, powerful, and implacable enemy across the Iron-Curtained frontiers of the world, our military and political planning must go hand in hand. If we undertake a political offensive, it must be supported by the existence of adequate military power. If we undertake military operations, they must have a suitable — and well understood — political object. Our defensive preparations must be sufficient to deny the enemy success in any offensive he may contemplate, and therefore perhaps sufficient to deter him from commencing such an offensive. We must maintain the confidence of our Allies, and of uncertain folk who are not yet allied either with us or the Kremlin. We must command the respect of the enemy.

In the last analysis, our ability to do all this, and to do it with a continuing degree of success, depends on the judgment, vision, and courage of the President. It is his task to define our policies, to persuade our allies to go along with them, and to persuade the American people to make the heavy sacrifices that may be necessary to support them. It is his task to calculate the risks that must be assumed, and to assess them against the advantages to be expected from accepting the risks. It is for him, and for him alone, to make the final decisions on which the future of human freedom may well be dependent. And this he must do, as he himself once said on another occasion, in "the terrible loneliness of the Commander in Chief" — a loneliness Dwight D. Eisenhower has experienced before.

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Open the Door (IS THAT YOU?) Richard

. . . *or* . . .

TAKE ME WHERE THE DAISIES COVER THE COUNTRY LANES

By Grady Johnson

EVER since gasoline stations started inviting us motorists to inspect their rest rooms, I have felt that the oil industry should be congratulated for making customers of either sex sure of their ground with those unique little signs, MEN and WOMEN. Because nearly everyone who has been seized with a desire to wash his hands has been guided by these novel inscriptions, I think it's high time we give credit for public service where it's due.

While it's possible that the oil men may have borrowed the signs from some public building, I'm certain that only a genius could have selected them. Easily read by all old enough to care about their difference, they have done more to encourage modern rest room inspecting than the development of multiple facilities, running water, or the oil trade's secondary soliciting of us to report defective conditions.

At least I'm sure that the restaurants, night clubs, and saloons I patronize never heard of them. To find (or avoid) a powder room in most night spots you've got to be a linguist, an artist, a musician, or an authority on wild life.

Even if you can locate their freshening-up quarters — usually hidden in the basement, upstairs, or in a building around the corner — you're still in trouble because of their exotic doors. Choosing the one best suited to your particular needs is a guessing game often marked by startled squeals and is not for a sensitive soul like me.

I was reminded of this when I had an impulse to look in on the back room of a restaurant recently. Confronting me were two bamboo doors labeled KANES and WAHINIS. Having forgotten my fluent Hawaiian, acquired while changing planes at Honolulu, I waited outside, hoping some *luau* or *poi* would go in or come out one of the doors. None did, and for five minutes I stood there restlessly, on one foot then the other, while an ominous quiet settled over the place.

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It was no use trying to catch the eye of a waiter, for all of them chose that very moment to go to the kitchen, leading me only to believe that the doors were a sport on which they make book and that they were peeking from behind some potted palm to see which I would choose.

UNABLE to contain my curiosity longer, I finally darted out the back door, marked EXIT, to inspect the plainly identified equipment of a friendly gasoline merchant across the street.

It was a pleasure to do business with him. No stooping to subterfuges like looking for a telephone, a friend, something I'd dropped, or a cigarette machine. Nor did I have to skulk like a criminal through kitchens, storerooms and managers' offices. In fact, I didn't even have to ask for the key, which still is kept hidden from you by some station operators said to be blood brothers of the night spot teases. Instead, bold little painted arrows took me by the hand, sans shame and spying eyes, and led me around the grease racks to the washroom.

Since I often buy gasoline when stopping to inspect comfort stations, it occurred to me right there that other business places could profit by adopting the uniform legends of the trail-blazing petroleum people, for obviously they can't expect to attract trade by inviting folks to visit their KANES and WAHINIS rooms.

Feeling that I am not alone in this quandary, I compiled a glossary of puzzling portals which I list here in the hope that the persons responsible will see the advantages of the clever MEN and WOMEN signs.

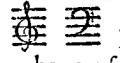
If you had to choose one in which to comb your hair in a hurry — and the rules say you must choose — which of these mated doors would you take without breaking stride?

HISN, HERN — Said to be easy for folksy folks.

DAMEN, HERREN — The Dutch proprietor says these trap folksy folks.

MM., MMES. — The Frenchman here is sore because in France one powder room was enough.

RAMS, EWES — The owner is a wolf in sheep's clothing.

 — The boss sings bass, hates tenors, hopes they'll be confused and embarrassed by their clef.

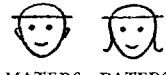
NANNIES, BILLIES — Girls named Billy have trouble here.

BUCKS, DOES — The proprietor, a former game warden, enjoys watching deer hunters make mistakes.

SEÑORAS, SEÑORS — *Vamos, amigos,* if you *no habla espanol.*

DRAKES, DUCKS — Open season here on the unwary.

COLTS, FILLIES — Flatters old horse players.

 — After a few drinks they look alike.

MATERS, PATERS — Careful, mate.

GANDERS, GEESE — Don't be a goose, my fine feathered friend.

But you get the idea. Unless you score 100 per cent in this test you're unacceptable in café society. You'd better stop for gas on the way home.

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The *Hell* It Don't Curve!

By Joseph F. Drury, Jr.

In the early 1870's, two major controversies stormed in the world of sports. One of these arguments ended in a generally accepted decision just five years later. But the other still rages spasmodically today, after more than eighty years of scientific rhubarb.

It was California's Governor Leland Stanford who, in 1878, collected a $50,000 bet by proving that all four feet of a galloping horse are off the ground at the same time. And it was Igor Sikorsky, internationally famous expert on aerodynamics, who not long ago used a wind tunnel to show that a human being *can* make a baseball curve.

Before Sikorsky approached the thesis, it had been argued and refuted, proved and exploded, sworn to and Bronx-cheered-at by scientists, photographers, and fans in general. Even the philosophers got into the act, one of them observing that "it would be at variance with every principle of philosophy" to contend that the ball does not curve.

Two of the most recent tests of the curve ball controversy were made by two national picture magazines. Each of them used an elaborate photographic technique, and the conclusions of both were regarded as more or less authoritative. But while one magazine (*Life*) claimed that its studies "raise once more the possibility that this standby of baseball is, after all, only an optical illusion," the other (*Look*) insisted that its own photographs proved "that a curve ball actually does curve." The high-speed cameras merely added fuel to the fires of both camps.

The pictures which purported to indicate that a baseball does *not* curve were themselves branded optical illusions by traditionalists. And when he studied pictures made to show that the ball *does* curve, Ernest Lowry, an outspoken member of the optical illusion school, called them "a most convincing demonstration of the complete *collapse* of the entire curve ball theory."

Incidentally, Mr. Lowry, who says the optical illusion is caused by

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"persistence of retinal impressions," also entertains some rather bitter convictions about what baseball men are doing to the country's juveniles. "The great injustice of the much publicized 'curve pitch,'" he contends, "is that of the manner in which millions of American boys have been misled on the question. They have been forced to delude themselves into thinking that their pitches do curve, or else be cruelly frustrated when they sense that their heroic efforts failed to achieve that which is now proved an impossibility."

THUS it was with righteous zeal that Sikorsky took up the scientific gauntlet. If American youth was being outrageously deceived by an unscrupulous combine of club owners and sports writers, if the curve ball religion was nothing but an opiate for the mustard-smeared masses, then he would explode the myth and rock baseballdom with his sock-dolager exposé.

At the time Sikorsky turned to the wind tunnel, major league baseball men openly propagandized the curve ball doctrine. A survey to measure their reactions to the "optical illusion" photographs brought in some interesting comments. Some were subtle. Others carried the impact of a hard-swung fungo bat.

"I am not positive whether a ball curves or not," said Eddie Sawyer, former manager of the Phillies, "but there is a pitch in baseball much different from the fast ball that 'separates the men from the boys.' If this pitch does not curve, it would be well to notify a lot of baseball players who were forced to quit the game they loved because of this certain pitch, and may be reached now at numerous gas stations, river docks, and mental institutions."

Ex-Cincinnati pilot Luke Sewell asked a very pertinent question. "Isn't it strange," he said, "that the optical illusion only happens when someone tries to throw a curve ball, and never when a fast or straight ball is attempted?" And Earl Mack, of the Athletics, followed up with this: "Is the magazine author crediting pitchers with the power of turning on optical illusions at will?"

AND so the reactions went. Obviously, you would wire-tap a lot of locker rooms and subpoena many a ton of baseball records before you'd find a modern major-leaguer to support Mr. Lowry's suspicions. But he might have found a useful witness in Colonel J. B. Joyce, who, in 1877, was a ruling spirit in the old Cincinnati Red Stockings. It was to convince Joyce that the first publicized test of the curve ball issue was made. According to A. G. Spalding, who describes the test in his volume, *Baseball, America's National Game*, Colonel Joyce insisted that it was "absurd to say that any man could throw a ball other than in a straight line."

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The test was made in Cincinnati in the presence of a large crowd. A surveyor set three posts in a row, twenty feet apart. Then two high fences were built, extending beyond each end post and in a direct line with all three posts. Will White, one of the league's best right-hand pitchers, stood to the left of the fence at one end of the course. When he made his throw, the fence prevented his hand from crossing the straight line between the posts.

"White pitched the ball," says Spalding, "so that it passed to the right of the middle post. This it did by three or four inches, but curved so much that it passed the third post a half foot to the left. The test was a success in everything but the conversion. Colonel Joyce would not be convinced."

Shortly after the 1877 experiment, the *Cincinnati Enquirer* printed the views of three college professors on the possibility of a pitched curve ball. Professor Stoddard, of Worcester University, wrote: "It is not only theoretically but practically impossible for any such impetus to be conveyed to a moving body as would be required . . . to control the movement of what is termed a curved ball."

But Professor Lewis Swift, of Rochester University, disagreed. "It is true that some time ago, when the subject was first broached to me," he said, "I denied that it was possible to do it. But I began to investigate the matter and soon saw that, instead of being impossible, it was in accordance with the *plainest principles of philosophy.*"

It is doubtful that principles of philosophy were in the mind of Ralph Lightfoot while he was test-flying in a helicopter over Bridgeport, Conn., some time ago. Lightfoot is chief of flight research at United Aircraft Corporation's Sikorsky plant. When he landed, he was given a message to report immediately to Mr. Sikorsky for discussion of an "important project."

Sikorsky had just received a telephone call from New York, where United Aircraft's Lauren "Deac" Lyman had been lunching with Walter H. Neff of United Air Lines. During their luncheon conversation, the topic had turned to the opening of the baseball season and the curve ball talents of leading pitchers.

"Doesn't it strike you as strange," asked Neff, "that science counts the wing-beats of insects and controls planes at supersonic speeds — but it can't seem to prove what happens when a man throws a baseball sixty feet?"

"The problem should be simple enough," said Lyman. "Just a combination of human factors and pure aerodynamics."

"Then why couldn't one of your company's engineers do it, Deac?"

Lyman smiled thoughtfully. "I wonder . . ." he said. "By gosh, why don't we phone Igor?"

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When Lightfoot entered his office, Sikorsky greeted him in his soft, continental accent. "Look, Mr. Lightfoot," the helicopter genius began, gesturing with cupped hands. "Here we have a solid sphere, moving rapidly in space and rotating on a vertical axis. You see?"

Lightfoot nodded. His mind raced ahead of Sikorsky's words. It sounded alarmingly like flying saucers. But as his boss continued, the engineer grinned broadly. "The object," said Sikorsky, "is to elude the man with the stick."

Whatever he lacked in baseball lingo Sikorsky made up for in scientific lore. For instance, he knew that a pitched ball, traveling in a curved path, is an example of aerodynamic action in everyday life. He realized, too, that the force which causes a ball to curve in flight is the same force known to engineers as "the Magnus effect," because it was explained by Professor G. Magnus, of Berlin, way back in 1851. Needless to say, Magnus wasn't interested in baseballs. His subject was *cannon* balls, and he was trying to find out why German artillery couldn't throw more "strikes."

But 25 years later, a British physicist named Lord John Rayleigh applied the Magnus findings to a report on the flight of a tennis ball. Briefly, what Rayleigh found was this: That when a ball is in flight but not spinning, it is exposed to a uniform air flow in one direction. So it follows a straight line. But when the ball is made to rotate sideways, friction between the ball and the air around it forms a sort of whirlpool. When this happens, the air flow is no longer in one direction. The whirlpool brings another force into play. And this double force on only one side of the ball produces a *lateral* force which drives it in the direction toward which it is spinning.

The picture magazine which favored the optical illusion explanation of the curve ball theory accepted, of course, the more obvious fact that a tennis or ping-pong ball curves. In fact, the author wrote: "If a baseball could be spun with the same amount of power relative to its weight that a tennis ball is spun, then its path, it is agreed, would also be curved to the same extent. But," he added, "no pitcher, it seems, has a strong enough finger and wrist motion to put the necessary spin onto the ball which would materially affect its sidewise motion."

It was Sikorsky's first problem, then, to determine how much "stuff" or spin a pitcher can put on the ball in the regulation sixty-foot, six-inch distance from the mound to the plate.

To learn this, baseball fans among the plant's engineers were glad to contribute some of their off-duty time. Careful studies were made of rapid-fire flash photographs showing the progress of a single pitch. Aircraft technicians, experienced in ob-

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serving the behavior of whirling propellers, examined the change in the position of the ball's stitches from picture to picture. They figured that the ball was spinning at the rate of one-third of a revolution during each one-thirtieth of a second between exposures. Since the entire pitch took less than a half second, the rate of rotation was seen to be about five revolutions for the pitch, or about 600 per minute.

SO FAR, the engineers knew how much spin a human could put on a pitched baseball. But they still had to find out whether that was enough to make it curve. For the wind tunnel, that job was literally "a breeze."

Using official National and American League balls — identical except for their markings — Sikorsky and Lightfoot impaled them on a slender spike connected to the shaft of a small motor. During the next "stand-by time" between aircraft tests, the baseballs were inserted into the tunnel and rotated by the motor at speeds from zero to 1,200 revolutions per minute. Since official army devices had clocked Bob Feller's fast ball at 98.6 miles per hour, the forward speeds of the air moving through the tunnel were varied between 80 and 110 miles per hour. The motor was mounted on a delicately-balanced scale which measured the direction and force of all pressures brought on the balls.

To observe maximum and minimum effects, the baseballs were spiked and rotated at two different angles. In one position, four seams met the wind during each revolution. This produced the greatest amount of side force on the ball. In the other position, only two seams met the wind, producing less friction and less side force.

When the wind tunnel results were plotted on conventional engineering graph sheets, Sikorsky knew he had "something for the books." The results have so much significance that they could even cause changes in pitching and batting techniques. Here, in the order of their importance, are the findings.

1. *It can be definitely concluded that a pitched baseball does actually curve, in addition to any optical illusion which may exist.*

2. A pitched baseball travels in a *uniformly* curved path from the time it leaves the pitcher's hand until it reaches the catcher's glove. There's no such thing as a "sharp-breaking curve" in the sense that a ball can be thrown so that it flies first in a straight line and then suddenly veers off. That kind of "remote control" is strictly from *fiction*, not friction.

3. To an observer at or behind the plate, it *appears* that the ball travels fairly straight most of the way and then breaks suddenly and sharply near the plate. Actually, the curve ball *arcs* toward or away from the plate *throughout* its flight; but the batter, because he views the flight

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at an angle, cannot discern the gradual arc and believes the ball "breaks" at an angle.

4. Here's one for the coaches. The pitcher who learns to release the ball so that *all four* seams meet the wind each time it rotates will have the nearest thing possible to a "jug-handle" curve. If he has Feller's speed of over 80 miles per hour, and Carl Hubbell's spin of 600 revolutions per minute, his curve will "break" as much as 19 inches. With the same speed and rotation, but with only two seams meeting the wind, the amount of curve will drop to about 7½ inches.

If you're an average fan, you'll be content to measure a curve by how well it fools the batter. But for those with technical minds, here's a Sikorsky formula that will tell you how much a baseball will curve:

$$d \text{ equals } \frac{{}^{C}L\ P\ V^2\ t^2\ g\ C^2}{7230\ W} \text{ feet}$$

Where: d equals displacement from a straight line; ${}^{C}L$ equals circulation of air generated by friction when ball is spinning; P equals the density of the air (normal at .002378); V equals the speed of the ball; t equals the time for delivery; g equals the acceleration of gravity (32.2 feet per second^2); C equals the circumference of the ball (9 inches); and W equals the ball's weight (.3125 pounds); while the number 7230 relates other values of pounds, inches, feet, seconds, etc., to arrive at an answer in feet.

Sikorsky and his co-workers may well have produced the most convincing evidence yet that a pitcher can throw curves. Happily enough, their findings offer both the curve ball *and* the optical illusion squads their inning of vindication. The fact of the matter, stated simply, is that the curve ball *does* curve, but the batter — because of his angular view of the pitch — experiences the *optical illusion* that the ball curves more radically than it does.

Al Schacht, the "Clown Prince of Baseball," now runs one of the world's swankiest "cracker barrel leagues" at his New York restaurant. And to illustrate how seriously the world of baseball takes its curves, Al revives this favorite story:

A farm-belt ball player, locally famous for his hitting powers, won a major league try-out during spring training. Each week, as his batting average and confidence soared, he wired his mother. The first week, he said: "Dear Mom. Leading all batters. These pitchers not so tough." A week later, he boasted: "Looks like I will be regular outfielder. Now hitting .433." Early in the third week of training, the yokel's mother got a wire that led her to dismiss the new farmhand and get out her son's work clothes. "Dear Mom," it said. "They started throwing curves. Will be home Friday."

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Sir David Ochterlony

By Humphry Bullock

This is the story of the boy from Boston, Mass., who became a general in the service of the Honourable East India Company and was the only British commander who ever fought and beat the Gurkhas. He was made a Baronet and a Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath; and, having first set foot in India at the age of 19, he never left that country but took to himself Indian wives and lived in oriental state, the outstanding soldier-diplomat of his age and clime. Yet the name of this celebrated son of New England is almost forgotten today. It was David Ochterlony, and it deserves to be remembered.

His father, a Scot from Forfar, took to the sea and became master of a ship trading out of Boston. There he met his wife, Katherine Tyler, niece of the gallant General Pepperell who was acclaimed as "the Hero of Louisburg" for capturing that place from the French. Their first child, called David after his father, was born at Boston in 1758. Seven years later David the elder died at St. Vincent on a West Indian voyage and his young widow, with four small children and smaller resources, made her way to London and in 1770 married Isaac Heard, then an officer of the College of Heralds and later its chief as Garter King of Arms. To his stepfather David was to owe a debt of kindness which he never forgot.

At the age of 19 he entered as a cadet the service of the East India Company and on his arrival at Calcutta in 1778 he was commissioned as ensign of infantry. Within two years he found himself with his regiment in the field against Hyder Ali of Mysore, who with his French allies sought to dominate the south of the Indian subcontinent. There Ochterlony spent some five years, and was wounded and taken prisoner but soon released. His work as a battalion quartermaster met with official approval; and, on his return to Bengal, he was rewarded with the important and well-paid post of deputy judge advocate general at Dinapore, where he remained for no less than sixteen years. It was here that, following the practice of many of his contemporaries, he took to himself an Indian consort, and his only son was born in 1784, to whom five daughters were in due course added. Later legend was to

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have it that David Ochterlony "kept a harem," but though he certainly had more than one consort during his almost-half-century in India, there is nothing to show that these unions were polygamous, and only one of the ladies seems to have survived him. The truth of the matter is probably that, though the arrangement did not rank as a marriage in the English legal sense, he treated her in all respects as his lawful and only wife.

BECOMING a captain in 1796, five years later he took part in the hard-fought Second Maratha War. Before hostilities broke out he had been stationed on the borders of the enemy's territory and his intelligence reports of Maratha activities attracted favorable notice; but the moment the war began he was made deputy adjutant general, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, of the field army under Lord Lake. The British army swept all before it and in a fortnight occupied the Mogul imperial capital at Delhi, liberating it from the grasp of the Maratha intruders. Ochterlony was now appointed British ambassador — or "resident," as it was called — at Delhi. As such his duties were far wider than merely to represent the East India Company at the Mogul court. There was in fact no limit to the business which he might be called on to handle, especially as the war was not yet over. For more than a year, Lord Lake and Major General Arthur Wellesley — not yet celebrated as the Duke of Wellington — were busy struggling with the Marathas in one part or another.

Suddenly an audacious advance brought the war back to the very walls of Delhi. Maharaja Holkar of Indore with a formidable army laid siege to the ancient city with its many miles of crumbling ramparts. To defend it David Ochterlony had only a single battalion of regular sepoys with some 1,500 highly irregular levies who had come over from the Marathas not long before, as well as a thousand horsemen who took the first opportunity of deserting to Holkar. Though he had only eleven guns to defend the city and was soon forced on to an inner, shorter line of fortifications, Ochterlony and his men withstood all assaults for six weeks until Lord Lake marched to his relief and the Marathas decamped.

In recognition of his gallant stand, his post as resident, hitherto only a temporary one, was made permanent, and though still a junior lieutenant colonel, he drew the then princely salary of 8,000 rupees a month. But his luck did not last. In 1805 the Marquess Wellesley laid down his office as Governor-General of India and his temporary successor saw fit to send Ochterlony away to the purely military and quite insignificant post of commander of the garrison and fortress of Allahabad. There he remained for two years with nothing of consequence to do.

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When a new Governor-General arrived from England he lost no time in extricating Ochterlony from this backwater and sending him on a good-will mission to Lahore, the capital of the Sikh state of the Punjab, in company with a rising young civil servant, Charles Metcalfe, who was to become Lord Metcalfe, Governor of Jamaica and Governor-General of Canada. The mission concluded, Ochterlony was posted to the British frontier cantonment of Ludhiana where he stayed for five years keeping a friendly but watchful eye both on the Sikhs across the border and on the chieftains within the British spheres of influence.

In 1814 relations with the Gurkha kingdom of Nepal came to a head. For years the hillmen's habit of descending from their Himalayan strongholds to raid the rich plains below had aggravated the British, who now declared war. But of the columns of troops sent into the mountains all met with failure and some with disaster — all save Ochterlony's command. Even he found the going heavy at first, but in the middle of 1815 he was able to bring to surrender the principal Gurkha force. Rewards were swift and unstinted: a baronetcy and a Knighthood of the Bath from the Prince Regent, and a grant of £1,000 a year from the East India Company. But no sooner were these announced than fighting broke out again. Inevitably, David Ochterlony was chosen to lead the field army twenty thousand strong, and by rapidly penetrating the formidable country along the road to Khatmandu he finished the campaign in a month. This time his prowess was recognized by the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and he was the first of John Company's officers to receive this signal honor.

When in 1817 the Third Maratha War came, Ochterlony's reserve division saw no actual combat, but afterwards he was entrusted with key diplomatic duties in Rajputana. It was of him at this period that Reginald Heber, hymn-writer and Bishop of Calcutta, left a word-picture when he encountered the general's cavalcade on his travels — a tall, pleasant-looking old man in a carriage and four, but so enveloped in shawls and a Mogul fur cap that only his face could be seen. With him were numbers of horses, elephants, palanquins and covered carriages, two companies of infantry and a troop of cavalry, and a motley of irregulars armed with spears and matchlocks. Last of all came a long string of camels. The whole procession resembled European notions of an eastern prince on the move.

To his duties in Rajputana was shortly added his old post as resident at Delhi, and he re-established himself there in the city which came to lie nearest his heart. Thus for some years he represented the company

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over almost the whole of northern and central India, and he was now at the zenith of his career. But in 1822 his health began to fail, and he felt the loss of his stepfather, who died at the patriarchal age of 92. Hardest of all came the death of his only son, Roderick Peregrine Ochterlony, who had been his secretary for years. Roderick was illegitimate in the eyes of the law and he could not have succeeded to Sir David's baronetcy even if he had outlived his father, but he left a son; and in the following year Sir David was able to get the baronetcy recreated with a special remainder, making Roderick's son, Charles Metcalfe Ochterlony, heir to the title. The next step was to purchase and strictly entail an estate in Scotland and then make a will leaving in trust to the holders of these lands the sword presented to the old general by the inhabitants of Delhi and the silver-plate given to him by the officers whom he had led to victory against the Gurkhas. By 1824 all this business was completed, and Sir David must have felt that the changes with which fate had visited him had been dealt with honorably.

But fate was unrelenting, and in 1825 it dealt him a fatal blow. A dynastic crisis of the type common in the Orient occurred at Bharatpur, a small principality near Delhi; and to forestall a usurper Ochterlony on his own authority (and technically going beyond his powers) mobilized every soldier he could lay hands upon. Events were to prove that he had done the right thing, but his action was disowned by the government in far Calcutta. He felt impelled to offer his resignation: the new Governor-General eagerly accepted it. Overwhelmed by what amounted to a public affront, Sir David's health rapidly declined and he died at Meerut on July 14th, 1825.

A lofty obelisk surmounts his tomb in the old burial ground at Meerut, and Calcutta's chief landmark is a huge column 165 feet high, the Ochterlony Monument raised in his honor in 1828. A memorial of a different sort is the name of the military cantonment of Nasirabad in Rajputana, which derives from the title of *Nasir-ud-daula* conferred on him by the Mogul emperor. His memory was long cherished in Hindustan. When in 1857 the mutinous sepoys burnt and looted the bungalows and barracks at Neemuch in Central India, they spared one house out of regard for Sir David's repute, the Residency which he had built and near which his only son lay buried. Till the end of the British *raj* at Neemuch the house was used as the officers' club, and to this day aboriginals of the Bhil tribe bring offerings of garlands which they hang on the dais in the Hall of Audience where Sir David used to sit in judgment.

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COMMUNISM

and the

COLLEGES

by

J. B. MATTHEWS

For more than seventeen years, the Communist Party of the United States has put forth every effort to infiltrate the teaching profession of this country. In this endeavor to corrupt the teachers of youth, the agents of the Kremlin have been remarkably successful, especially among the professors in our colleges and universities.

In these few years, the Communist Party has enlisted the support of at least thirty-five hundred professors — many of them as dues-paying members, many others as fellow travelers, some as out-and-out espionage agents, some as adherents of the party line in varying degrees, and some as the unwitting dupes of subversion.

Congressional committees, which are now investigating Communists in the colleges, are on the track of a national scandal.

If all the colleges and universities in the United States had been closed for the past thirty-five years, there is no reason to believe that our national situation would be any the worse, *insofar as an intelligent ap-*

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proach to the problem of Communism is concerned.

In fact, a case can be made for the argument that we would be in a much better position in this respect, if they had been closed. We would have lost many things which are vital to our very existence, of course; but clear public thinking with respect to the world-wide Communist conspiracy would not be among them. To the extent that we have any clear thinking on this subject, it is not the gift of our colleges.

Here and there, it is obvious, a few colleges and a few professors have had the academic integrity and competence, not to mention the academic freedom, to assess correctly the gravest challenge that has confronted this nation since its birth. What these few have done, and done well, has been more than offset by the successful Communist infiltration of so-called higher education. In other words, when we audit and balance the academic books we have kept since October 1917, we find that we are *in the red.*

It cannot be said, in extenuation of this academic failure, that our professors of higher learning have been so busy with the task of transmitting our cultural heritage that they simply neglected to note the rising world power of a remorseless foe. Such neglect would have been bad enough; but large numbers of professors went out of their way to hail the appearance of the first Communist world state as a great human experiment. Others have shamelessly collaborated with its agents and have not ceased to participate in their subversive activities to this very day.

The Rise and Dominance of Pragmatism

The failure of higher education to perform reasonably well had its reasons.

For Communism and its agents to have found any reception whatever among American educators, it was necessary that certain prior conditions, inviting revolutionary innovations, had to obtain. There is no attempt here to explain a whole intellectual epoch in a few sentences; but useful clues to what occurred in the second quarter of this century, with respect to the successful Communist penetration of higher learning, may be suggested.

For one thing, the Darwinian hypotheses had only recently made their full impact upon educational philosophy, giving a new cloak of respectability to materialism and environmental determinism. Intellectual uncertainties multiplied like guinea pigs. Experimentation in morals, as well as in science, became an end in itself. The illusion of automatic human progress had not been wholly dissipated by World War I.

Then came pragmatism — a view of life so new in human thought that it is now barely fifty-five years since William James coined the word.

In educational circles, John

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Dewey's pragmatism, known as instrumentalism, replaced that of Harvard's William James.

With the ascendancy of Dewey in the classroom, Teachers College of Columbia became the Mecca to which tens of thousands of American teachers made pilgrimage to kiss the blackened stone of progressive education, as reverently and as superstitiously as any Moslem. From Morningside Heights, there spread across the entire land the intellectually envenoming and morally disintegrating view that how-to-teach is more important than what-to-teach and how-to-learn more important than what-to-learn.

Educators of the Dewey school of pragmatism began to profess a chilling fear of indoctrination. In most cases, this was sheer pretense; for what they actually did was to introduce their own new items of indoctrination for the older ones which they discarded.

By the end of World War I, there was a quip in circulation at Teachers College which said: "There is no god but Dewey and Kilpatrick is his prophet." This was the same Kilpatrick who figured recently in the Pasadena affair which resulted in the dismissal of Willard Goslin, Pasadena's superintendent of public schools and an exponent of progressive education.

It is not suggested here that progressive education and Communism are the same, or that they have anything in common, unless it be a determination to eliminate completely the timeless verities and values around which western civilization had been so largely organized until the rise of the Soviet state, on the one hand, and the dominance in education of modern instrumentalism, on the other hand. Only juveniles playing at anti-Communism make the mistake of identifying Communism with progressive education, or progressive education with Communism.

The fact is that progressive education and Communism are at opposite poles in their basic philosophy. The former represents intellectual and moral anarchy, the latter the most rigid thought- and behavior-control ever known to man.

What, then, is the relationship of the late, mild-mannered philosopher of Columbia University to the Communist infiltration of education? To state it, in an over-simplified proposition, it was this: The relaxation of the old intellectual and moral disciplines and loyalties, encouraged by Dewey's progressive education, became *Communism's opportunity.*

The agents of the Kremlin always find it easier to move into a situation of chaos, intellectual or social, than they do to move into a situation of stability. That is why, in the preliminary stages of the Communist conspiracy, prior to the seizure of power, Communists welcome all the chaos which they or others (even the anti-Communists) can produce. Stability thwarts, and chaos aids, the

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innovation of Communism, just as they thwart and aid, respectively, any other drastic innovation, whether it be Fascism, the New Deal, Upton Sinclair's EPIC, or Townsend's old-age pension scheme.

Pragmatism and its educational high priests reject the concept of any timeless truths.

If truth is simply a ticket made out by fifty-one percent of the people or their representatives, and good for today's game only (with no rain checks), then we should coin a new word to take the place of truth. But that is the conception of truth implicit in the philosophy of pragmatism. The late Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was a pragmatist through-and-through, wrote: "Truth is the majority vote of that nation that can lick all the others." On that basis, Communism, Fascism, or New Dealism could turn out to be the truth.

If truth is something that can be fished out of the ballot box, it follows that law, according to Dewey, Holmes, and F. D. Roosevelt, is whatever the majority of Congress says it is at any given session, and constitutionality be damned!

John Dewey was the ideal philosopher for the period of New Dealism. The New Deal was a conglomeration of discordant social, political, and ideological elements, holding no fixed verities and values in common; and it was, therefore, a faithful reflection of the chaos of ideas encouraged by its pragmatic outlook. That is why it was so easy for Communists to infiltrate the Roosevelt-Truman administrations, and so easy for the New Deal to have truck with Communists and communistic schemes. Communists were simply one of the discordant elements in the ideological chaos of New Dealism, welcomed into what Roosevelt described as his national unity but which would have been better described as Hopkins' hodge-podge.

Roosevelt, it will be recalled, announced that his presidential release of Communist leader Earl Browder from the Atlanta prison was bestowed "in the interests of national unity." The Communists, for their part, looked upon this so-called national unity as an excellent cover for carrying on their espionage activities. At the very moment of Browder's release from prison, "in the interests of national unity," Alger Hiss and the rest of the traitors were at work right in the heart of the federal government.

The record shows that hundreds of educators addressed appeals to Roosevelt on behalf of the Communist leader Earl Browder. Among these professors were the following: Roland H. Bainton, Yale; Edgar S. Brightman, Boston U.; Henry Pratt Fairchild, New York U.; Albert Guerard, Stanford; Max Lerner, then of Williams, now of Brandeis U.; John P. Peters, Yale; Malcolm Sharp, Chicago; Harlow Shapley, Harvard; Goodwin Watson, Columbia; Edwin Borchard, Yale; Zecha-

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riah Chafee, Jr., Harvard; Roswell G. Ham, president of Mt. Holyoke; and Charles H. Wesley, Howard.

The ordinary day-to-day work of the Communist Party is many-sided, ranging all the way from open propaganda to espionage. In whatever it wanted done, the Party has always been able to draw upon members of the academic profession for the running of its subversive apparatus. The intellectual uncertainties and moral chaos of the past quarter of a century have contributed to this achievement of the Kremlin agents in the colleges and universities.

Aims of Communists in the Infiltration of Education

Our inquiry brings us to the question: What are the aims of the Communists in their infiltration of American schools?

First, let us look at the answers which the Communists themselves have given to the question.

One of the best known sentences in the *Communist Manifesto* of Marx and Engels, published in 1848, is that which says: "Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims." Marx and Engels did not, of course, foresee the present-day development of the Communist-front organization whose very essence is concealment — concealment of Communist origin and control, and concealment of revolutionary aims.

The Communists of today have certainly disdained, however, to conceal their views, aims, and tactics with respect to American schools. They have set them down in print where all who desire to do so may read them. A wayfaring man, though a fool, can hardly be excused for entertaining any illusions about the purposes of Communist infiltration of American education.

The official theoretical magazine of the Communist Party of the United States, *The Communist*, said in its issue of May 1937: "A people's movement around the schools can thus transform the latter into popular forums for progressive social action — ultimately into forums for the revolution." That has been the objective of Communist teachers these many years.

On the subject of conspiratorial secrecy in concealing or denying their Communist Party membership, *The Communist* of May 1937 had the following to say about its teachers: "Communist teachers are, therefore, faced with a tremendous social responsibility . . . They must take advantage of their positions, *without exposing themselves* . . ." Along the same conspiratorial line, we read: "Only when teachers have really mastered Marxism-Leninism will they be able *skillfully to inject it into their teaching at the least risk of exposure* . . ." [Italics mine.]

So much for the authoritative answers of the Communists.

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The over-all objective of the Communist Party in education is, of course, to undermine the loyalty of American students to their traditions, their way of life, and their form of government. In achieving this objective, the tactics involve: (1) the enlistment from faculty members of a hard core of disciplined and secret members of the Communist Party, some of whom are used for espionage; (2) the enlistment of academic administrators and teachers in Communist-front organizations, to the end that their very special prestige in the American community may lend the color of respectability to the international Communist conspiracy for world domination; (3) the dissemination of Soviet propaganda, both bluntly and slyly, through school textbooks and classroom instruction; and (4) the organization of students into the Communist Party's youth fronts and auxiliaries. In other words, the Kremlin's campus conspiracy calls for our being softened up for a moral, intellectual, and military "Pearl Harbor."

Secret Communist Party members among teachers have been estimated at fifteen hundred by a recent ex-Communist witness, Bella V. Dodd, before the Internal Security subcommittee of the United States Senate. Posing as the guardians and dispensers of free and unfettered learning, these teachers are in actuality the agents of a foreign state.

We come next to those teachers who collaborate in one way or another with the Communist-front apparatus. Some of these are secret Communist Party members. Others are commonly known as fellow travelers. While the fellow travelers are variously motivated in their collaboration with Communist-front organizations, they all serve the purposes of the Kremlin treachery, wittingly or unwittingly. In many cases, the academic fellow traveler is a far more valuable instrument of the Communist Party's purposes than a dues-paying member.

A conservative estimate places at close to thirty-five hundred, the number of professors in colleges and universities who have collaborated with the Communist-front apparatus, since its inception about seventeen years ago. They represent every state in the Union and the District of Columbia. They have been connected with some four hundred institutions of higher learning. More than a thousand of them have been active collaborators with the Communist-front apparatus since the beginning of Cold War I.

According to public records, the top ten academic collaborators with Communist fronts and enterprises have been the following: Corliss Lamont, Columbia; Harry F. Ward, Union Theological; Bernhard J. Stern, Columbia; Henry Pratt Fairchild, New York; Robert Morss Lovett, Chicago; Colston E. Warne, Amherst; Dorothy Brewster, Co-

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lumbia; Dirk J. Struik, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Edwin Berry Burgum, New York; and Kirtley F. Mather, Harvard.

What Is a Communist Front?

Before going farther into the subject of the Communist infiltration of colleges and universities, through the instrumentality of the Communist-front apparatus, it may be helpful to set down a number of facts concerning Communist fronts.

In the first place, the Communist-front organization is just as integral a part of the whole Communist conspiracy as are the Communist Party itself, the party press, the party training schools, and the party espionage cells. All are directed by a central high command, and all are coordinated to achieve a single end — the overthrow of the United States government by force and violence.

It is a deliberate tactic to conceal, if possible, this complete integration of the Communist-front apparatus with the whole Communist conspiracy. Deceitfulness is the essence of the front organization. A succinct statement of this aspect of the matter was included in the brief of the Department of Justice in its case for the deportation of Harry Bridges. The Department properly held that a part of the evidence of Bridges' attachment to the Communist Party was his support of various Communist-front organizations. The brief said: "Testimony on front organizations showed that they were represented to the public for some legitimate reform objective, but actually used by the Communist Party to carry on its activities, pending the time when the Communists believe they can seize power through revolution."

Anyone who supports a Communist-front organization, even by the limited action of lending his name as a sponsor, is supporting the Communist conspiracy whether he knows it or not. If he supports it by speaking, contributing funds, recruiting others, or serving as an official, he is giving active and overt aid to the enemy of the United States.

The Communist-front apparatus came into existence as the result of the Trojan Horse policy enunciated by Georgi Dimitrov, then head of the Communist International, at the Seventh World Congress of the Communist International, which was convened in Moscow in August 1935.

The first important Communist-front organization in the United States was the American League for Peace and Democracy, organized at Pittsburgh in November 1937, and headed by Professor Harry F. Ward of Union Theological Seminary.

The uses of the Communist-front apparatus are many. Among them, we find the following:

(1) The Communist fronts extend the influence of Moscow's propaganda far beyond the boundaries of the Communist Party itself.

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(2) The fronts serve as half-way stations for those who are not yet ready to join the Communist Party.

(3) The fronts are used to draw large numbers of people closer and closer to the party, eventually bringing some of them into party membership.

(4) The fronts raise millions of dollars annually, the larger part going into the party's coffers.

(5) The fronts provide jobs for hundreds of party members and give them practical training in organizational work and leadership.

(6) The fronts are recruiting agencies for Communist spies and espionage agents.

An example of recruiting espionage agents through the instrumentality of the Communist-front apparatus is found in the *Report of the Royal Commission* on the Canadian spy ring. J. S. Benning, a Canadian citizen, was arrested as a member of the ring. The *Report* records Benning as testifying: "I was interested in the Spanish Relief Committee . . . the Chinese Relief Committee . . . the League Against War and Fascism, and during that period I ran into Lunan, and I did a certain amount of work such as stuffing envelopes, and things of that nature." That is the sinister aspect of the Communist-front apparatus in a nutshell.

All three of the Canadian Communist fronts in which J. S. Benning "was interested" had their equivalents in the United States.

From stuffing envelopes for these innocuous-sounding organizations in 1938, Benning wound up five years later as an agent of Stalin's far-flung espionage system.

Even if the respectable professor who sponsors a Communist front does not become a Communist Party member or an espionage agent himself, he helps to create and maintain an organization through which others become deeply enmeshed in subversion, espionage, and treason.

Among the more important units of the Communist-front apparatus operating at the present time on a national scale, we find the following: American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born; American Peace Crusade; American Women for Peace; China Welfare Appeal; Civil Rights Congress; Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy; Committee for Medical Freedom; Council on African Affairs; Emergency Civil Liberties Committee; National Committee on Peaceful Alternatives; National Committee to Repeal the McCarran Act; National Council of American-Soviet Friendship; and National Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions.

Hundreds of college and university professors are affiliated with the aforementioned fronts.

Within the compass of this article, we can do no more than make passing mention of most of these fronts.

The Waldorf-Astoria Conference

One of the most influential of the

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present-day Communist-front organizations is the National Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions. The Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities issued a comprehensive report on the organization, demonstrating its Communist character beyond any possibility of doubt.

The NCASP, as we shall designate it, was the direct continuation of the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, an impressive Communist front of which Harold L. Ickes and James Roosevelt were high-salaried employees, in the days when Communists and New Dealers were so interlocked that they were hardly distinguishable from each other.

On March 25, 1949, this long arm of the Kremlin, the NCASP, convened the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City. The Communist control and purposes of this conference were crystal clear. We have selected it, somewhat arbitrarily, as the starting point of the contemporary Communist-front apparatus.

It should be recalled that the Berlin airlift was almost exactly one year old when the Waldorf-Astoria conference met. There was no longer any reason for intelligent people to doubt that the Soviet Union, its American agents, and their Communist-front apparatus were enemies of the United States. Cold War I was full upon us.

In attendance at the Waldorf-Astoria were many well-known European Communists. They were advertised in advance as prominent speakers of the conference. Even the State Department publicly recognized the Communist character of the gathering by issuing a statement denouncing it and by refusing to grant visas to some of the European Communist applicants who wished to attend.

In view of the subversive nature of the Waldorf-Astoria conference and its parent organization, the NCASP, it is revealing to find the names of seven presidents of institutions of higher learning listed among the sponsors. They were: Rufus E. Clement, Atlanta University; Abraham Cronbach, Hebrew Union College (Cincinnati); Herbert John Davis, Smith College; Cecil E. Hinshaw, William Penn College (Iowa); Charles S. Johnson, Fisk University; David D. Jones, Bennett College (South Carolina); and Arthur Upham Pope, Asia Institute. The heads of two Communist Party training schools were also listed as sponsors, namely, Holland Roberts of the California Labor School and Howard Selsam of the Jefferson School of Social Science.

World-famous scientists and their prestige were exploited by the Communist manipulators of this conference. It is always safe to anticipate finding the name of Albert Einstein among the sponsors of such an affair, and it was there. The name of

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Michael Heidelberger, biochemist of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, was on the list. Linus Pauling, California Institute of Technology's famous chemist, and Theodor Rosebury, Washington University's famous bacteriologist, enhanced the prestige of the sponsors' list. The name of Norbert Wiener, wizard of the mechanical brain at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, added scientific lustre to the list. During World War II, each of these men was employed by the United States government on some vitally important scientific project. During Cold War I, their names and prestige have been exploited by the enemy.

In its issue of April 4, 1949, *Life* magazine published a double-page spread showing the photographs of fifty prominent persons under the caption, "Dupes and Fellow Travelers Dress Up Communist Fronts." *Life's* journalistic courage was apparently inspired by the Waldorf-Astoria conference. With complete accuracy, *Life* began its comment as follows: "Offhand it might seem that a propaganda meeting like the one in New York last week would have been regarded by almost all Americans with scorn. But the Communists prepare carefully for such eventualities. Their weapons are the fellow traveler and the so-called 'innocent dupe.' These are the prominent people who, wittingly or not, associate themselves with a Communist-front organization and thereby lend it glamor, prestige or the respectability of American liberalism."

Commenting on the relationship of these fifty prominent individuals to the Communist Party, *Life* observed: "Indeed membership would damage their special usefulness. Innocently or not, they accomplish quite as much for the Kremlin in their glamorous way as a card holder does in his drab toil. The Communist-front organizations have been exposed often enough, however, so that by now the perennial joiner whose friends try to excuse him because he is 'just a dupe,' is clearly a superdupe."

Of the fifty persons whose pictures were published in *Life*, sixteen were educators — which means thirty-two percent of the total. Educators have accounted for approximately thirty percent of all the dupes and fellow travelers in the seventeen-year history of the Communist-front apparatus. That is real academic scandal.

One of the sixteen professors whose pictures were shown in *Life* has died since then. Another committed suicide by jumping out of a hotel window in Boston. Another, Professor Lyman R. Bradley, is no longer a member of any faculty, having served a prison sentence for contempt of Congress. Three of them — Harlow Shapley, Kirtley F. Mather, and Ralph Barton Perry — are Harvard professors, famous as astronomer, geologist, and philoso-

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pher respectively. Cornell University contributed a nuclear physicist, Professor Philip Morrison, who worked on the Manhattan project. Columbia University had three entries in *Life*; namely, Corliss Lamont, who leads all the educators in the United States in the number of his affiliations with Communist fronts; Gene Weltfish, who is an anthropologist and who floundered like the last part of her name when she appeared as a witness before the Senate Internal Security Committee; and Mark Van Doren, who is reported to be a poet. There was 92-year-old Vida D. Scudder, English professor emeritus from Wellesley College. Political science Professor Frederick L. Schuman's picture gave Williams College a dubious distinction. Maud Slye, pathologist from the University of Chicago, and Henry Pratt Fairchild, sociologist from New York University, both nearing the three-quarter century mark, were in *Life's* gallery of dupes and fellow travelers, demonstrating with emphasis that the Communists do not rob the cradle. Arthur Upham Pope, who heads the Asia Institute; and finally, of course, Albert Einstein, completed the list of the illustrious collaborators with the Kremlin's Communist-front apparatus.

There was nothing more than a feeble protest from the academic world over the debasement of the pedagogical profession which the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace represented. Professor Sidney Hook, chairman of the department of philosophy at New York University, called together a small group to voice dissent, but Hook's was a voice crying in the academic wilderness.

Where we do not find active collaboration by professors with the Communist-front movement, we find that the prevailing academic attitude is one of apathy or complete indifference. Any resistance to Moscow on the American campus is likely to come from professors whose ideological outlook is socialistic.

American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born

The ACPFB is the oldest Communist Party auxiliary still functioning in the United States. It was launched in 1924 with the name, National Council for Protection of Foreign Born Workers. Its Communist Party parentage was open and above-board. In recent years, however, since the adoption of the Trojan Horse policy, it has operated as a Communist-front organization, feeble efforts being made to conceal its Communist Party origin and control.

The 1952 annual meeting of the ACPFB was held in Detroit, December 13–14, under the name of the National Conference to Defend the Rights of Foreign Born Americans.

This annual meeting of the ACPFB had the names of eighty-six sponsors printed on its program, of

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whom thirty-two were college or university professors. Percentage-wise, this gave the professors thirty-seven, a not unusual figure. They came from twenty-four institutions of higher education in eleven states.

The names of twenty-five of these thirty-two academic sponsors are to be found among the top one hundred academic collaborators with the Communist-front apparatus in the United States — real veterans, in other words.

This sponsoring list of the ACPFB was headed by the 86-year-old president emeritus of Claremont College in California. In addition to those who appear among the top one hundred, there were the following: Erich Kahler, Cornell; Constantine Panunzio, California; Bertha H. Putnam, Mt. Holyoke; Robert A. Rosenbaum, Reed College, Oregon; Philip L. Schenk, Michigan; and Rolland E. Wolfe, Western Reserve.

Committee for Medical Freedom

The Committee for Medical Freedom is one of the newest units of the Communist-front apparatus. It lists among its sponsors the names of forty-two professors.

The professors who are sponsoring the CMF include the following: Rodney Beard, Stanford; Russell Becker, Chicago; Harry Best, Kentucky; Frederick K. Beutel, Nebraska; Erwin R. Goodenough, Yale; C. F. Littell, Cornell; E. B. McNaughton, Reed; Ralph S. Minor, California; Frank B. Queen, Oregon; J. Allen Reese, Kansas; Leland H. Taylor, West Virginia; Warren Taylor, Oberlin; Joseph Wortis, New York; and James Wyker, Bible College of Missouri.

Like all units of the Communist-front apparatus, the Committee for Medical Freedom is on a rampage against legislative investigations of Communism.

Mid-Century Conference for Peace

Under the pretext of "peace," the Kremlin and the Communists of the world are now engaged in large-scale preparations for war. This is the type of hypocrisy long evident in the operations of the Soviet government and its supporters. To say one thing and mean another, or its opposite, is easy for Communists. It is a part of the technique of any revolutionary conspiracy, which has been described as Aesopian language.

This world-wide "peace" manoeuvre has been reported in a highly informative book, *They Cry Peace*, by Louis Francis Budenz.

The "peace" drive of the Communists, which has been coterminous with Cold War I, is the largest and most highly integrated activity ever engaged in by Communists throughout the world. It was not slowed down even by the Korean aggression. One of its early objectives was to obtain 300,000,000 signatures to what was known as the "World Peace Appeal" or the "Stockholm Pledge." The goal in the United States was 5,000,000

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signatures. At least one million were probably obtained.

The objectives of this global Communist manoeuvre for "peace" are clear to all students of Communism. They include the following: (1) the lulling of non-Communist and anti-Communist governments into a false sense of security; (2) an abatement of defensive preparations against the Kremlin's program for world conquest; (3) a softening-up of anti-Communist morale among all peoples by instilling the illusion that Moscow yearns for an end to Cold War I; (4) preparing the peoples in non-Communist countries to hold their own governments responsible for World War III when it comes; and (5) a preparation for wholesale sabotage against the non-Communist world when the fighting starts, by the customary utilization of front organizations for recruiting spies and saboteurs. The Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities has published a valuable report on this movement under the title *Communist Peace Offensive.*

The American leaders of this treacherous manoeuvre are a former college professor, the Reverend Willard Uphaus; and a theological professor, Joseph F. Fletcher, of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Hundreds of clergymen, representing almost every state in the Union, have been sucked into this hypocritical assault upon the morale of the American people.

Of the numerous Communist-front organizations set up to implement Stalin's "peace" movement, one of the largest which claimed the support of the professors was the Mid-Century Conference for Peace.

The Mid-Century Conference for Peace met in Chicago, May 29–30, 1950, with seven hundred delegates attending from all parts of the United States. This Chicago gathering was sponsored by more than three hundred fifty persons more or less prominent in the fields of education, religion, law, art, writing, and science.

Sponsoring the Chicago meeting were one hundred four professors from sixty-three educational institutions in twenty-eight states. A few of these will illustrate the diversity of talent and the wide geographical distribution of the educator-sponsors.

From far away California Institute of Technology, there was Frits Warmolt Went, Holland-born professor of plant physiology and no stranger to the Communist-front apparatus.

From down in Augusta, Georgia, there was Edmund Clarke Peters, president of Paine College, who worked in Russia, Siberia, and China during the first seven years of the Bolshevik revolution.

Listed from the University of Washington in Seattle was Wayne Burns, assistant professor of English literature; also Abraham Charles Keller, assistant professor of French.

Cornell University's Edwin Ar-

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thur Burtt, professor of philosophy, Frank Samuel Freeman, professor of psychology, Canadian-born Frederick Lawrence Marcuse, assistant professor of psychology, and Philip Morrison, associate professor of physics, were on this list of the Communist "peace" apparatus.

Minnesota was represented by Charles Joseph Turck, lawyer, and president of Macalester College at St. Paul, who was president of the Association of American Colleges in 1946 and a familiar name on the lists of the Communist-front apparatus.

Montague Francis Ashley Montagu, chairman of the department of anthropology at Rutgers University, who has been in other units of the Communist-front apparatus, was listed. Montagu's socialistic view of American society was expressed in his recent book, *On Being Human*, in the following words: "A profit-motive, economic-struggle-for-existence society is a predatory society, a class-and-caste society, a divisive society, in which each person is an isolate preying upon and preyed upon by others."

The University of Chicago was represented by seven of its veterans of the Communist-front deception; Columbia University by six of the same kind; and Harvard University by five. Yale had only four.

A score of other Communist-front "peace" organizations have enlisted academic support similar to that of the Mid-Century Conference for Peace.

Veteran Academic Fronters

In determining which professors rank as top collaborationists, two criteria have been used. In the first place, the professor must have been affiliated with at least ten units of the Communist-front apparatus. In the second place, his collaboration must have extended into the beginning of Cold War I, arbitrarily fixed as the Soviet blockade which necessitated the Berlin Airlift.

Using these criteria, we find that the following professors, not named elsewhere in this study, qualify as top collaborationists:

Edith Abbott, Chicago; James Luther Adams, Chicago; Irwin Ross Beiler, University of Miami; Thomas Arthur Bisson, California; Derk Bodde, Pennsylvania; G. Murray Branch, Morehouse; Rudolf Carnap, Chicago; Oliver C. Cox, Lincoln (Missouri); Ephraim Cross, CCNY; and John J. DeBoer, Illinois.

Dorothy Douglas, Smith; Harl R. Douglas, Colorado; Barrows Dunham, Temple; Kermit Eby, Chicago; Abraham Edel, CCNY; Thomas I. Emerson, Yale; Clark H. Foreman, Columbia; E. Franklin Frazier, Howard; Calvin S. Hall, Western Reserve; Georgia Harkness, Pacific School of Religion; and S. Ralph Harlow, Smith.

Fowler V. Harper, Yale; Marion Hathway, Bryn Mawr; W. E. Hocking, Harvard; Walter M. Horton, Oberlin; Mervin Jules, Smith; Oliver Larkin, Smith; Emil Leng-

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yel, New York; Ronald B. Levy, Roosevelt; Alain Locke, Howard; and Halford E. Luccock, Yale.

John A. Mackay, Princeton Theological; Benjamin E. Mays, Morehouse; V. J. McGill, Hunter; Wayne McMillen, Chicago; John S. Nollen, Grinnell; Erwin Panofsky, Institute for Advanced Study; Louise Pettibone Smith, Wellesley; Ellen B. Talbot, Mt. Holyoke; John B. Thompson, Chicago; and Eda Lou Walton, New York.

Leroy Waterman, Michigan; Louis Weisner, Hunter; Henry Nelson Wieman, Houston; and Thomas Woody, Pennsylvania.

Of the top one hundred academic collaborationists, all of whom are named in this study, seventy-two are listed in *Who's Who in America.* Twenty-four of them were born abroad, in twelve different countries.

From the necessarily limited data presented in these pages, it is clear that the Communist-front apparatus is national in scope. A wide distribution among our institutions of higher learning is also indicated.

The average age of the top hundred is sixty-two, a phenomenon due to the fact that quite a number of them are octogenarians, or closely approaching that age. At least a score have the status of professor emeritus, which does not necessarily mean that they have ceased all classroom instruction or contact with students.

Almost all of them are active members of learned societies, in which they are strategically situated to influence other professors. Fourteen of the one hundred, for example, are members of the American Sociological Society. Many of them are now, or have been, high officers of these professional societies.

Seventeen of the one hundred are engaged in what may be described generally as theological or religious instruction.

Elsewhere, it has been noted that thirty-four of the top one hundred are listed in *American Men of Science*; but this should not obscure the highly important fact that, when it comes to the grand total of thirty-five hundred professors who have supported the Communist apparatus in one way or another during the past seventeen years, there has been a marked concentration in the "departments of education" of the colleges and universities.

Eminent Scientists and the Communist-front Apparatus

A widely-held fallacy induces many people to listen to men who have attained great eminence in one field of human thought or endeavor whenever these great ones choose to deliver pronunciamentoes on subjects in which they are the rankest amateurs. The Communist-front apparatus capitalizes on this fallacy. The great ones themselves are often under the illusion that their unchallenged competence in their specialty somehow spills over into totally

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unrelated fields. Professors who are truly great scientists seem to be the frequent victims of this illusion.

Let us take the case of Harold C. Urey.

Harold C. Urey is professor of chemistry at the University of Chicago. He has achieved great distinction in the field of chemistry, having been awarded a Nobel Prize for his discovery of "heavy water." He was one of the foremost scientists on the Manhattan project, which produced the atomic bomb.

Professor Urey has sounded off with bitter invectives against the security regulations of the Atomic Energy Commission. He has declared that he would fire every security officer on all our atomic energy projects throughout the United States.

On May 19, 1949, Professor Urey appeared as a witness before a committee set up by the Illinois Legislature, which was charged with the investigation of subversive activities at the University of Chicago and Roosevelt College. He heatedly assailed the Attorney General of the United States for issuing lists of subversive organizations. With emotion bordering on the psychopathic, he declared: "I consider the designation by the Attorney General of organizations as subversive or Communist one of the most dangerous things in American life." Furthermore, Professor Urey defended the granting of government atomic energy scholarships to Communists, particularly the granting of a scholarship to Hans Freistadt, an avowed member of the Communist Party. "I consider it dangerous," shouted Urey, "to inquire into the political affairs of such students." Quite obviously, Urey is not an expert on Communism, although he has been affiliated with more than ten Communist-front organizations.

Albert Einstein is, in some respects, a very special case. He holds the position of professor of mathematics at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, New Jersey. Beyond any question, Einstein is one of the great scientific geniuses of world history. This fact does not, however, confer upon him any competence in politics, in which he is nothing more than a dabbler, but a dabbler who frequently comes up on the pro-Communist side.

Despite the fact that Einstein is a refugee from Hitler's totalitarianism, he has on many occasions supported the causes of Stalin's even more brutal totalitarianism. It is clear that he has grossly abused the privileges which he has been accorded by the gift of American citizenship.

Einstein has been affiliated with approximately forty fronts of the Communist apparatus. That puts him up near the top of collaborators with Communists.

How lightly Professor Einstein regards the blessings of his American citizenship is illustrated by his atti-

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tude toward the so-called "world government" movement. A few years ago, one Garry Davis made headlines by his renunciation of American citizenship. Davis' formal statement to the world read as follows: "I hereby absolutely and entirely renounce my nationality in the United States and all rights and privileges thereunto pertaining, and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to the United States of America." Professor Albert Einstein was one of the first to applaud the action of Garry Davis.

In the May, 1949, issue of *Monthly Review*, Einstein wrote an article which was characterized by a pro-Soviet outlook and was full of the clichés of the rabble-rousing soap-box Socialist. "I am convinced," he declared, "there is only *one* way to eliminate these grave evils; namely, through the establishment of a socialist economy . . . In such an economy, the means of production are owned by society itself and are utilized in a planned fashion." *Monthly Review*, for which Einstein wrote this nonsense, is a Communist magazine edited by Leo Huberman and Paul M. Sweezy.

The American press and the American people have shown great deference to Albert Einstein. He has not reciprocated by recognizing his indebtedness to America.

Let us consider next the case of Linus Carl Pauling, professor of chemistry at the California Institute of Technology since 1931.

Professor Pauling has valid claims to the highest academic and scientific distinctions. Four years ago, he was president of the American Chemical Society.

Pauling was recently denied an American passport by the State Department because of his long and substantial collaboration with the Communist-front apparatus. After considerable pressure, the State Department rescinded its denial; and the passport was granted.

This notable chemist of America ranks among the top twenty academic supporters of Communist-front organizations. This is true whether judged by quantitative or qualitative measurements. At least thirty-six of Pauling's Communist-front affiliations postdate the beginning of Cold War I (Berlin Airlift).

Professor Pauling is national chairman of the science division of the National Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions. The NCASP is second to none among the important and subversive units of the Communist-front apparatus in the United States.

To catalog and evaluate Pauling's connections with the Communist-front organizations of today would require a volume. Under the auspices of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, he protested the deportation order against Hanns Eisler. He was vice-president of the American Continental Congress for World Peace,

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denounced as Communist by the State Department. He was one of the initiators of the American Peace Crusade, one of the principal units in the Communists' treacherous "peace" offensive. He was also one of the initiators of the Bill of Rights Conference, subsidiary of the Civil Rights Congress, a Communist gathering whose special theme was a vicious attack on the F. B. I. He is vice-chairman of the National Committee for Peaceful Alternatives, another unit in the Communist "peace" offensive. He was an initiator of the National Committee to Repeal the McCarran [Internal Security] Act. These are just a few of the great academic chemist's activities on behalf of the Communists. He somehow manages to get in on the act whenever the Kremlin's agents launch a new organizational deception.

Another eminent scientist who illustrates how the Communists make good use of academic prestige, as well as the active and extensive collaboration of scientists in the Communist-front apparatus, is Kirtley F. Mather, professor of geology at Harvard. In 1951, Professor Mather was president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the most distinguished body of scientists in the world and probably the largest.

Mather's record of collaboration with Communists places him among the top ten academic collaborators in the entire country. He has been affiliated in one way or another with eighteen organizations which have been listed as subversive and Communist by the Attorney General, as well as with thirty-two other fronts of the Communist apparatus.

Professor Mather is particularly proud of one of his connections with Communist enterprises. For four years, he was national president of the American Association of Scientific Workers, and wants that fact recorded. He has, indeed, entered it in his biographical sketch in *Who's Who in America*.

In view of Mather's pride in the organization and his leadership of it, more than passing attention must be paid to the American Association of Scientific Workers, hereafter designated by its initials AASW.

The AASW was organized in 1938 as a part of a world-wide movement to enlist scientists for support of the world Communist conspiracy. It was not an accident that the Canadian Association of Scientific Workers, the British Association of Scientific Workers, and the Australian Association of Scientific Workers came into being within a period of twelve months in 1938 and 1939. Stalin was carefully laying plans to get his hands on the scientific secrets and know-how of the entire English-speaking world.

It was revealed in the case of the Canadian spy ring that these so-called scientific associations were geared to Communist espionage. The *Report of the Royal Commission*, a devastating

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indictment of the Canadian Communist spies, contained the following enlightening paragraph: "Control by the Communist Party over a broad organization such as the Canadian Association of Scientific Workers could be used in a variety of ways, not only for propaganda purposes, but eventually as a base for recruiting adherents to that Party from among scientists, and in due course no doubt for recruiting additional espionage agents in key positions in the national life."

Professor Raymond Boyer, exposed as a member of the Canadian espionage ring, was the national president of the Canadian Association of Scientific Workers, the corresponding position held by Professor Kirtley F. Mather in the AASW. The convicted Soviet spy, Professor Alan Nunn May, was a member of the executive committee of the Canadian Association of Scientific Workers. Other members of the Canadian ASW, who were also members of the Soviet espionage ring, included Ned Mazerall and David Shugar.

Writing of another man involved in the Canadian espionage scandal, the authors of the *Report of the Royal Commission* stated that he had become a member of the national executive committee of the Canadian ASW "charged with maintaining liaison with corresponding organizations in other countries," which included Professor Mather's AASW. The *Report* further stated that there was "evidence suggesting that he [this unnamed man] used this position [of liaison correspondent] as a cover in making contacts with members of the staff of the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa."

When the Communists set up any kind of front organization, they mean business, grim business. They are not merely dabbling in social reform.

The operations of the Canadian spy ring under the auspices of the Canadian Association of Scientific Workers coincided with the period of Kirtley F. Mather's presidency of the AASW.

Canadian Prime Minister Mackenzie King placed a list of the names of the Americans involved in the Canadian spy ring in the hands of President Truman. What happened to that list? Were there any names of American professors on it?

Among the professors who were affiliated with the AASW were the following: Anton J. Carlson, Chicago; E. C. Tolman, California; C. Fayette Taylor, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Ralph W. Gerard, Chicago; John P. Peters, Yale; Leonard Carmichael, Tufts; Wendell H. Furry, Harvard; William F. Ogburn, Chicago; and H. Burr Steinbach, Minnesota.

As early as 1933, the Communist Party set up an organization which had as its purpose the enlistment of scientific and technical men. It was called the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Techni-

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cians, or the FAECT. Its national organizational director was Marcel Scherer, who has been identified as a Communist espionage agent. The FAECT claimed a membership of 8,000, which included many professors.

Julius Rosenberg's initial contact with a Communist espionage apparatus was through his membership in the FAECT.

Professors Colston E. Warne of Amherst, Bernhard J. Stern of Columbia, Edwin Berry Burgum of New York University, and Robert S. Lynd of Columbia were affiliated in one way or another with the FAECT. They are not charged with espionage here, but the Communist-front organization Consumers Union, headed by Professor Colston E. Warne from its inception in 1936, was deeply involved in espionage through the spy activities of its educational director, Lydia Altschuler.

Thirty-four percent of the top hundred academic collaborators with the Communist-front apparatus are listed in *American Men of Science*, the great American directory of scientists. In addition to those already named in this section of our discussion, we find the following top academic collaborators listed in the directory: Gordon W. Allport, Harvard; Ernst P. Boas, Columbia; Allan M. Butler, Harvard; Percy M. Dawson, Stanford; W. W. Denton, Arizona; Leslie C. Dunn, Columbia; Leo Eloesser, Stanford; W. Horsley Gantt, Johns Hopkins; Harry Grundfest, Columbia; Alice Hamilton, Harvard; Robert J. Havighurst, Chicago; I. M. Kolthoff, Minnesota; Walter Landauer, Connecticut; Paul H. Lavietes, Yale; Oliver Loud, Antioch; Philip Morrison, Cornell; Stuart Mudd, Pennsylvania; Theodor Rosebury, Washington University; T. C. Schneirla, New York University; Harlow Shapley, Harvard; Henry E. Sigerist, Yale; Maud Slye, Chicago; Dirk J. Struik, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Oswald Veblen, Institute for Advanced Study; Goodwin Watson, Columbia; Gene Weltfish, Columbia; and F. W. Weymouth, Stanford.

All of the professors named in the foregoing paragraph have been affiliated with the Communist-front apparatus since the beginning of Cold War I (Berlin Airlift), and each has had at least ten affiliations with that many different Communist-front organizations.

It is not difficult to imagine what would have happened if these scientist-professors had supported a network of organizations set up by Hitler as an integral part of his American pro-Nazi apparatus.

Communist Cell in the Manhattan Engineering District

The names of Professor Alan Nunn May, Klaus Fuchs, Harry Gold, and Julius and Ethel Rosenberg are well known to the American public. They have been headlined a thousand times as Communist espionage agents who took part in the stealing

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of the secrets of the atomic bomb.

Much less familiar to the American public are the names of Joseph Weinberg, Ken Max Manfred, Irving David Fox, David Joseph Bohm, Giovanni Rossi Lomanitz, and Clarence Hiskey. With the exception of Hiskey, these men were attached to the Radiation Laboratory of the University of California, at Berkeley. This meant that they were members of the academic-scientific force which participated in the production of the A-bomb. Hiskey's connection with the Manhattan Engineering District, or the production of the A-bomb, was at the University of Chicago.

Incontrovertible evidence has linked these six "professors" with the Communist Party. Weinberg, Manfred, Fox, Bohm, and Lomanitz were members of a Communist cell in the Radiation Laboratory of the University of California. All of them have taken refuge in the Fifth Amendment when questioned, under oath, about their membership in this Communist cell.

To avoid unnecessary quotations, the case of Irving David Fox is presented as an example. Fox was asked the following question: "Were you a member of the Communist cell at the radiation laboratory?" He replied: "I refuse to answer that question on the grounds that it might tend to incriminate me." And so the story went when these six men were questioned.

Clarence Hiskey was definitely linked with the Soviet atomic spy, Arthur Adams. The American public first learned of the espionage activities of Arthur Adams through a newspaper exposure in December 1945. This exposure in the New York *Journal-American* was the work of Howard Rushmore and Larry Kerley. It was the first inkling that the American public had of the wartime espionage of the Kremlin in the United States. Rushmore and Kerley did not receive a Pulitzer Prize for their pains or patriotism; but Hiskey received a professorship at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute — despite the most damaging evidence against him.

After his membership in the Communist cell at the University of California, Joseph Weinberg became assistant professor of physics at the University of Minnesota.

After his membership in the Communist cell at the University of California, David Joseph Bohm became assistant professor of physics at Princeton University.

After his membership in the Communist cell at the University of California, Giovanni Rossi Lomanitz became professor of physics at Fisk University.

After his membership in the Communist cell at the University of California, Ken Max Manfred became assistant professor of physics at the University of Puerto Rico, pausing only to discard his real name of Max Bernard Friedman.

After his membership in the Communist cell at the Radiation Labora-

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tory of the University of California, Irving David Fox remained at the same institution in the capacity of teaching assistant.

The all-important point to remember, with respect to this Communist cell in the Radiation Laboratory of the University of California, is that it was organized and supervised by two of the most sinister Communist agents in the history of the Kremlin's conspiracy in this country; namely, Steve Nelson and Marcel Scherer. Furthermore, all of these academic-scientists were recruited into membership of the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians. This was the same FAECT into which Julius Rosenberg was recruited.

Let it be set down here and never forgotten that these facts about the professors' Communist cells in the Manhattan Engineering District (A-bomb project) were not uncovered by the administrators of the University of California, the University of Minnesota, the University of Puerto Rico, Fisk University, Princeton University, or the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. They were uncovered, for the public gaze, by a newspaper, the New York *Journal-American*, and by the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities under the sharp eye of Senior Investigator Louis J. Russell.

So far as we have been able to ascertain, after the most extensive investigation, no college or university administration has turned a little finger to ferret out the Communists on their faculties *until after* the academic agents of the Kremlin have been exposed by legislative investigations.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, there are academicians, newspapers, and politicians who take the stupid and untenable position: "Let the colleges and universities themselves do the job."

The Case of Robert Maynard Hutchins

For more than twenty years Robert Maynard Hutchins headed one of the great universities of this country. As chancellor of the University of Chicago, he reached one of the highest positions in the academic world.

When we consider Hutchins' ideas about Communism, we are not dealing with the views of an academic small-fry. True, Hutchins no longer heads a university, but he is much more strategically situated with respect to education now than he was formerly. As an associate director of the Ford Foundation, the former controversial chancellor "devotes himself," says the New York *Times*, "to education and civil liberties." His devotion is stimulated by the funds of the largest foundation in human history, computed at present earnings of the Ford industrial empire to aggregate more than a half billion dollars. Subdivisions of this gigantic organization include the Fund for the Advancement of

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Education and the Fund for Adult Education. An allotment of $19,750,580 has already been made to the former, and one of $12,900,000 to the latter.

With financial power such as no other man in history has ever possessed in the field of education, Hutchins is in a position to project his views and influence over immeasurable areas of American thought. What are Hutchins' views on Communism?

Not long ago, Hutchins was summoned to testify before a committee of the Illinois Legislature on the subject of Communism at the University of Chicago. He appeared on April 21, 1949, and was duly sworn by Senator Paul W. Broyles, chairman of the committee.

In the course of his testimony, Hutchins declared: "It is not yet established that it is subversive to be a Communist." That testimony, it must be observed, was given more than a year after the start of the Berlin Airlift.

When asked if there is "any doubt that the Communist Party is a conspiratorial fifth column operating in the interest of a foreign state," Hutchins replied: "I am not instructed on this subject."

Further, when asked if he was "aware that the Communist-front organization is a part of the Communist movement, just as much as the Party itself," Hutchins replied, "No."

A few weeks after his appearance in the chamber of the Illinois Legislature, Chancellor Hutchins delivered the 237th convocation address at the University of Chicago. Presenting his view of life in the United States in this period of Cold War I, the one-time boy prodigy of the academic world said: "Every day in this country men and women are being deprived of their livelihood, or at least their reputations, by unsubstantiated charges. These charges are then treated as facts in further charges against their relatives or associates. We do not throw people into jail because they are alleged to differ with the official dogma. We throw them out of work and do our best to create the impression that they are subversive and hence dangerous, not only to the state, but also to everybody who comes near them."

Continuing his effort to make the investigation and prosecution of Communists look silly, Hutchins said: "The result is that every public servant must try to remember every tea party his wife has gone to in the past ten years and endeavor to recall what representatives of what foreign powers she may have met on these occasions."

When it comes to distortion of the truth, Hutchins is a perfectionist. On the subject of professors' collaboration with Communists and participation in Communist enterprises, he sketched the following picture: "A professor cannot take a position on any public question

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without looking into the background of everybody who may be taking the same position on the same question. If he finds that any person who is taking the same position on this question has been charged with taking an unpopular position on another question, the professor had better not take any position on this question, or he may be haled before some committee to explain himself."

Thus spoke one of the topmost figures of the American educational scene, a man who is a trustee of a half billion dollars, a large part of which is to be devoted to the "advancement of education." Is it surprising that intellectual integrity has vanished from large areas of the academic world? Or that the Communist-front apparatus finds so many willing collaborators among professors?

Sooner or later, many of the pro-Communists and fake liberals among educators get around to quoting from Thomas Jefferson's First Inaugural Address. In his convocation address, Hutchins fell into line. What Jefferson said has become the principal smoke screen for subversion. Here are his words: "If there be any among us who wish to dissolve this union, or change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed, as monuments of the safety with which *error of opinion* [italics mine] may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it." It does not take a university education to understand that these words of Thomas Jefferson have no conceivable applicability to the members and stooges of the Communist Party. *Acting as part of a conspiratorial fifth column in the interests of a foreign state is not the same thing as "error of opinion."* Reason is not free to combat the activities which are plotted in the dark cellars of Communist conspiracy.

It is improbable that many Americans know of the connection between the Ford Foundation and the Armed Forces of the United States. In the language of the *World Almanac for* 1953, project number five of the Fund for the Advancement of Education is described as follows: "Improvement of education in the armed services. At the request of the Department of Defense, the Fund has initiated a program aimed at improved information, education, and orientation programs in the Armed Forces." This request of the Department of Defense, it should be stated, was made prior to the change in administrations at Washington; but Robert Maynard Hutchins still has his finger in the "information, education, and orientation programs" of the Armed Forces. Unbelievable, but true, thanks to the earnings of the vast industrial empire founded by Henry Ford.

An incidental sidelight on the Ford Foundation is that one Bernard Berelson is the director of its Behavioral Sciences Division, which has just been allotted $3,500,000 for the establishment of what is to be

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known as the Center for Advanced Study in Behavioral Sciences, which will bring fifty professors together annually for a pow-wow on "social relations and human behavior." Bernard Berelson was on Hutchins' faculty at Chicago, where he served on a committee to welcome the Red Dean of Canterbury. The welcoming committee for the Red Dean was formed under the auspices of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, an organization which has been cited as subversive and Communist by the Attorney General of the United States.

Project number one of the Fund for the Advancement of Education is described as "clarification of the basic question of education philosophy as related to our modern industrial society." After a generation of John Dewey's dominance, there is no doubt that educational philosophy needs to be clarified all over again, but is Robert Maynard Hutchins, who declared that he was "not instructed" on the conspiratorial nature of the Communist Party, qualified to have a major part in the new clarification?

Project number three of the Fund for the Advancement of Education is described as "the improvement of teaching at all levels." Of this we are in dire need, but is Robert Maynard Hutchins, with his declared views on what is occurring in American life, qualified to contribute toward this desired end?

Project number four is described as "the financing of U. S. educational institutions." If Hutchins' views and influence follow the Ford dollars into college and university classrooms, this could be disastrous for the future of the subsidized institutions.

During Hutchins' incumbency at the University of Chicago, approximately one hundred of his faculty members collaborated with some one hundred fifty Communist-front organizations.

If we employed the same intemperate descriptions as theirs, we would say that Hutchins and his academic colleagues have been finding anti-Communists under every bed and school desk.

Textbook Infiltration

Like every other aspect of the Communist movement, the question of the Communist infiltration of school textbooks is one which would require an enormous amount of research if the subject were covered thoroughly. Publishers' lists of textbooks are loaded with Communist and pro-communist authors who have insinuated their propaganda into their manuscripts.

The case of a Cornell University textbook is of considerable importance in understanding the lengths to which some of our most respected educational institutions have gone. The title of this book is *USSR*. Its editor is Professor Ernest J. Simmons, formerly of the Cornell faculty and now of Columbia University. The preface to the volume

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explains its origin, as follows: "During the summers of 1943 and 1944, Cornell University, with the support of the Rockefeller Foundation, offered a series of courses known as an Intensive Study of Contemporary Russian Civilization. This program was a unique educational approach to a planned and integrated study of the total civilization of a historical, geographical, and economic area."

It is entirely untrue to say, as the preface to *USSR* does, that the Cornell series of courses, or the book which grew out of them, presented the "total civilization" of the Soviet Union. Nowhere in the book is there any adverse criticism of the Soviet regime. There is not a word in the book about the Soviet slave labor camps in which ten to twenty million human beings rot in a living death.

But, to proceed with the book's preface, we read the following: "When the various members of the staff and several other scholars, each an expert in a special field, were invited to write the whole section on Russia and the USSR for the *Encyclopedia Americana*, it occurred to some of them that these articles, when brought together, provided the kind of basic, factual survey that was needed for an introduction to the study of the civilization of Russia and the Soviet Union. Accordingly, with the kind permission of the Americana Corporation, Cornell University Press is now issuing these related articles in book form."

In reviewing this Cornell volume, Professor Warren S. Walsh of Syracuse University wrote as follows: "At least fifteen of the twenty contributors are pro-Soviet in varying degrees, although it should at once be added that they have generally held their enthusiasms in greater restraint than is their custom. The result, however, is a lack of balance that is most distressing in what Professor Simmons refers to as a 'basic, factual survey.' " Professor Walsh's observation is an understatement. He might have added that the five contributors who did not reveal a pro-Soviet bias have not been known, in a single case, as critics of the Soviet Union.

The initiated anti-Communist will understand what Professor Walsh meant by the fifteen pro-Soviet contributors when he finds that they included Corliss Lamont, Harriet L. Moore, Vladimir Kazakevich, Frederick L. Schuman, Rose Maurer, Henry E. Sigerist, Louis Lozowick, and William M. Malisoff. It would be difficult to assemble a group of more ardent pro-Soviet propagandists among so-called scholars.

During the critical period in the relations between the United States and Russia, between 1947 and 1951, thousands of American students who went to the *Encyclopedia Americana* for information on Russia got a diet of Lamont, Kazakevich, and Schuman. The *Encyclopedia Americana* is found in thousands of secondary

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schools and institutions of higher learning in the United States. A new edition of the *Americana* has eliminated the worst, if not all, of the Soviet propaganda from its Russian section, but many schools are unable to purchase every new edition of a 30-volume encyclopedia and are, therefore, continuing to use the earlier edition.

The Cornell University Press is currently promoting a special college text edition of its book, *USSR*. It has announced that the following colleges and universities have adopted the book as a text: Bucknell, Cleveland, Idaho, Columbia, Fresno State, Long Island, Pomona, Rutgers, Susquehanna, Swarthmore, California, Chicago, Delaware, Louisville, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Kansas, Southern California, Washington, and Yale.

The largest amount of space taken by any one contributor to Cornell's *USSR* is that of Vladimir Kazakevich, his chapters making up a little more than one-third of the entire volume. The Cornell authorities were adequately informed of his Communist activities in 1943. Nevertheless, they are, many years later, actively promoting his pro-Communist writings as part of a suitable college textbook for all the institutions of higher learning in the United States — *and with marked success.*

During the period of the Stalin-Hitler Pact, Kazakevich wrote a series of articles for *Russky Golos*, American Communist newspaper published in the Russian language. In these articles, he toed the Communist Party line with enthusiasm. A single example of his style and viewpoint must suffice. In *Russky Golos* of February 27, 1940, he wrote as follows: "The crocodiles of imperialism will continue to swallow everything they get. For the neutral countries today the English crocodile is more dangerous than the German one. In order to prevent the lawlessness of this crocodile, you've got to drive a pole into the back of its neck."

What has become of Vladimir Kazakevich? He is not writing for, or lecturing at, Cornell University any more. On the eve of his scheduled arrest for deportation as an alien Communist, he skipped the country and returned to his native Russia. But Cornell University continues to disseminate the Communist propaganda of Kazakevich, an enemy of the United States who wrote one-third of the material on Russia in the *Encyclopedia Americana* and the Cornell University Press textbook, *USSR*.

It is pertinent to note at this point that the Cornell University Press, with the aid of a very large subsidy from the Rockefeller Foundation, is currently publishing a whole series of "smear" books on the legislative investigations of Communism, books which are filled with typical pro-Communist distortions. Walter Gellhorn, a Columbia University professor and the author of

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one of these Cornell volumes, has been caught red-handed in misstatements about his pro-Communist activities. Furthermore, Gellhorn was recently identified in sworn testimony as a member of the Communist Party. He, of course, denied it.

Truly, there are strange doings at Cornell. Witness the continued employment on the Cornell faculty of Philip Morrison, a professor of nuclear physics, despite his publicly expressed gratitude that the Soviet Union, too, has the atomic bomb.

Any comprehensive survey of the insinuation of the Communist Party line into college textbooks would require years of research and many volumes of reports; and it is not likely that the Rockefeller Foundation would finance the project with a single cent.

The Issue of Academic Freedom

All the fake liberals and many misguided or fellow-traveling educators take the position that it is a violation of academic freedom to expose Communists on college and university faculties. They hold that it is a violation of "democratic liberties" to dismiss agents of the Kremlin when they are found hiding in teaching positions.

The American Association of University Professors is the largest and most representative body composed exclusively of teachers in colleges and universities. As of this writing, the AAUP takes the following position on the question of employing Communists on the faculties of higher institutions of learning: "So long as the Communist Party in the United States is a legal political party, affiliation with that party in and of itself should not be regarded as a justifiable reason for exclusion from the academic profession."

Elaborating on the foregoing statement of policy, the AAUP adds: "There is, then, nothing in the nature of the teaching profession which requires the automatic exclusion of Communists, and the attempt to exclude them would threaten our educational system with real dangers. Discrimination against Communists would readily lead to discrimination against teachers with other unorthodox political views, and the exclusion of such teachers would mean the exclusion of some of the liveliest intellects and most stimulating personalities on our campuses. Furthermore, the acceptance of political discrimination might well be the wolf's paw in the door; such discrimination might presently extend to other types of heterodoxy. Faculty members in general might take alarm, and sagaciously conclude that they cannot afford the luxury of ranging thought and bold speech. Our campuses would then lose the stimulus of clashing opinions and would become havens of cautious mediocrity. Having surrendered its function of criticism and improvement, higher edu-

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cation would retain only its function of preservation and transmission; it would be ready to become an instrument of indoctrination for an authoritarian society. This Association [of University Professors] should recognize the danger inherent in political repression, and oppose it at the only point where it can successfully be opposed — at the beginning. And the first test may well be a teacher's right of choosing his political party."

The foregoing statement of the AAUP has been quoted at length because of its paramount importance. *It is the voice of the most authoritative body of American professors.* The statement is infused with unbelievable ignorance. False assumptions are implicit from start to finish. The recognized representatives of American college and university teachers have taken the acid test — and flunked! The generous assumption is that the true nature and aims of the Communist Party are not yet understood by the academic profession as a whole. Any other assumption would be to impute a prevalent disloyalty to the teaching force of the country.

When two acknowledged members of the Communist Party, and one against whom the evidence was overwhelming, were dismissed from the faculty of the University of Washington, some of the Communist-front organizations swung into action. Chief of these was the National Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, one of the most blatant of all the American mouthpieces of the Kremlin.

The NCASP issued a press release which declared: "If these dismissed professors are not reinstated, the result will be irreparable damage to all educational institutions and particularly to the University of Washington. The University's action, if it is not swiftly reversed, will set a precedent for the dismissal of *any* instructor for *any* personal beliefs and associations. As educators, deeply concerned for our own civil rights and those of our fellow citizens, and cognizant of the further implications of this action as a threat to our entire educational system, we urge the immediate reinstatement, with full rights of tenure, of the dismissed professors, Phillips, Butterworth and Gundlach."

Nobody was surprised at the hysterical tone of the NCASP statement. It was to be expected, coming as it did from one of the most easily recognized units of the Communist-front apparatus. The press release listed the names of one hundred fifty more or less prominent professors who had, allegedly, signed the statement.

Among the signers of the NCASP statement, predicting dire results and irreparable damage "to our entire educational system," were the following: Gordon Allport, Albert F. Ax, Bart J. Bok, Wendell H. Furry, Howard Mumford Jones, Gardner Lindzey, Kirtley F. Mather, Walter

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B. Rideout, M. Brewster Smith, P. A. Sorokin, and Robert Ulich — all from Harvard; Theodore Brameld, Robert Chambers, Henry Pratt Fairchild, Robert Iglehart, Samuel J. McLaughlin, Alice McNiff, Adolph E. Meyer, Otto Nathan, T. C. Schneirla, and George B. Vetter — all from New York University; L. C. Dunn, G. L. Foster, Nicholas Hobbs, Philip Klein, Ellis Kolchin, S. Stansfeld Sargent, Bernhard J. Stern, T. W. Van Metre, and Gene Weltfish — all from Columbia; and M. H. Abrams, Harold Feldman, Frank S. Freeman, F. L. Marcuse, Philip Morrison, William R. Sears, and Edward A. Suchman — all from Cornell.

Through some unusual circumstance, the Communist fronters were able to dip down into Kentucky and bring up six professors from the University of Louisville to add their names to the NCASP's frightening prediction. They were Professors Paul H. Baurnan, Carter Bechtel, Mary Jo Fink, Noble H. Kelley, S. E. Margolin, and George A. Mueneh.

With a trifling number of exceptions, all of the signers of the NCASP's statement on the University of Washington's dismissals were professors who had been previously and extensively affiliated with the Communist-front apparatus. Professors with less extensive records included the following: Bert James Lowenenberg and Charles Trinkhaus, of Sarah Lawrence College; Louise Fargo Brown, Josephine M. Gleason, and Ruby Turner Morris, of Vassar; and Albert J. Becker, Stanley Friedman, Wesley Osterberg, and Peter L. Rabe, of Western Reserve University.

Thirty-two of the one hundred fifty signers of the NCASP's statement rank among the top one hundred academic collaborators with Communist fronts.

The NCASP statement was released to the press by Clyde R. Miller, director of the NCASP Bureau on Academic Freedom and formerly a member of the faculty of Columbia University. Miller is a veteran Communist-fronter.

It bears repeating that the collaboration of these professors with Communists on a strictly Communist issue dated almost one year after the beginning of the Soviet blockade which necessitated the Berlin Airlift. Good alibis for supporting Communist causes have come at a premium since that date, the only really good alibi being abysmal stupidity.

In April 1952, the American Civil Liberties Union published a pamphlet entitled *Academic Freedom and Academic Responsibility*. The pamphlet was the work of the ACLU's Academic Freedom Committee.

Ironically, the ACLU's Academic Freedom Committee and its advisory council number among their members some of the most active collaborators with the Communist-front apparatus. These would hardly

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be expected to pass objective judgment upon their own pro-Communist activities. Nevertheless, their pamphlet deals in part with the question of investigating Communists and fellow travelers in colleges and universities.

Here is the position taken by the ACLU's Academic Freedom Committee on the question in which some of the committee's members had a large vested interest: "The ACLU opposes as contrary to democratic liberties any ban or regulation which would prohibit the employment as a teacher of any person solely because of his views or associations, such as Communist or Fascist."

Helen M. Lynd, of Sarah Lawrence College, and Broadus Mitchell, of Rutgers University, are members of the Academic Freedom Committee. Members of its advisory council include the following: Horace M. Kallen and E. C. Lindeman, New School for Social Research; Robert S. Lynd, Columbia University; Curtis D. MacDougall, Northwestern University; Kirtley F. Mather, Harvard University; and Ira DeA. Reid, Haverford College. These eight professors are among the top hundred academic collaborators with the Communist-front apparatus in the United States.

Other members of the ACLU's committee and its advisory council who have been affiliated in one way or another with Communist-front organizations include the following: Walter Gellhorn, Columbia; H. H. Wilson, Princeton; Clarence E. Ayres, Texas; V. T. Thayer, University of Virginia; Karl N. Llewellyn, Columbia; Mordecai Johnson, Howard; Benjamin E. Youngdahl, Washington University; and E. C. Tolman, California.

As a fair indication of the kind of professors and other so-called intellectuals who are called upon as advisors by the ACLU, it should be noted that 22 of the 31 members of the advisory council of the Academic Freedom Committee of the organization have public records of affiliation with Communist-front outfits. These figures tell a large part of the story of the ACLU.

The ACLU pamphlet on academic freedom makes the following assertion: "But campaigns to expel Communists from educational posts have rarely stopped at their first objective; they have instead resulted in attacks upon persons who merely hold unpopular opinions. As a consequence, *teachers everywhere* have been made less courageous and less independent in the pursuit of truth, more cautious and more subservient." [Italics mine.]

"Teachers everywhere" is a big order; and the statement about what has happened to them is, obviously, a barefaced lie. It is, in fact, a typical Communist falsehood, one that has been used over and over again for many years as a device to forestall, if possible, the exposure of Communists in schools.

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The ACLU professes to believe that we cannot or do not draw a sharp line of distinction between the Communist conspiracy on the one hand and "unpopular opinions" on the other hand, between disloyalty and dissent.

It would be just as intelligent to assert: "Campaigns to stop the use of marihuana by teen-agers will result in a drive against Coca-Cola, and young people will be afraid to be seen with an ice cream cone." That might be good propaganda for dope-peddlers, but it would be no more nonsensical than the propaganda of the ACLU. There is as much difference between the Communist conspiracy and "unpopular opinions" as there is between marihuana and Coca-Cola, and any professor who says he is unable to distinguish between them is either a Communist agent or too ignorant to teach in any school.

Since the first days of the Bolshevik Revolution, the American Civil Liberties Union has been throwing up the smoke screen of "democratic liberties" as a shield for Communist conspirators. This is not to deny that some genuine liberals have been associated with the organization, but they have never, now or in the past, exercised a controlling influence over policy.

Who Shall Investigate Communism on the Campus?

Nothing could be more desirable, in the matter of Communism on American campuses, than for the colleges and universities of the country to conduct their own investigations into the Communist activities of subversive professors and to take appropriate action when they are exposed. *Unnecessary* government intervention of any kind anywhere is undesirable in a free society.

The undeniable fact, however, is that little or nothing has ever been done to remove any Communist from any faculty anywhere in the United States until the pressure of legislative investigation has been applied. The removal of Ralph Gundlach, Joseph Butterworth, and Herbert J. Phillips from the faculty of the University of Washington was the direct result of investigations and exposure by Albert F. Canwell's committee of the Washington State Legislature. The dismissals of Bernard F. Riess and Henrietta Friedman from the faculty of Hunter College, and of Harry Slochower, Sara Riedman, and Melba Phillips from the faculty of Brooklyn College were the immediate result of their appearance before a Senate subcommittee and their refusal to say under oath whether or not they were members of the Communist Party. The suspension of Edwin Berry Burgum from the faculty of New York University also followed within a matter of minutes his refusal to tell the McCarran Committee whether or not he was a member of the Communist Party.

The plain fact of the matter is

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that college and university administrations are more or less helpless to deal with Communists without the assistance of legislative inquiries. The administrators of higher education do not possess either the power of subpoena or the power to initiate perjury and contempt proceedings, both of which are indispensable when dealing with the conspiratorial agents of a foreign state, who do not hesitate to lie when not faced with a penalty for so doing.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, there are educators who grow hysterical and abusive over the very suggestion of a legislative investigation of Communists in colleges and universities. They arouse the suspicion, rightly or wrongly, that they are satisfied to have the agents of Moscow operate on American campuses without let or hindrance.

We are indebted to one Peter Gay, a member of the faculty of Columbia University, for his audacity in stating the position that college and university faculties should be a law unto themselves, over, above, and apart from all other groups in American society.

In a long letter, printed in the New York *Times* of February 1, 1953, Professor Gay wrote, in part, as follows: "The academic community must insist on full autonomy. [Author's note: Gay defines the academic community as the faculty, and the faculty alone.] Such questions as to who is to be hired, fired or promoted, what courses are to be taught, what books are to be used, what ideas are to be expressed, must be left to the academic community, which alone has the ability to make these decisions. The interference of even the best-intentioned Congressional committee could do nothing but harm."

In other words, according to Peter Gay, students, parents, taxpayers, college and university trustees, and American citizens generally must be rigorously excluded from having any voice in the educational matters mentioned. It would seem to be Professor Gay's belief that the faculty is omniscient and must, therefore, be omnipotent. If his is not a statement of academic Hitlerism, it will have to do until a better expression of it comes along.

Gay stated further in his letter to the New York *Times* that faculties and faculties alone should consider the question "whether Communists should be permitted to teach in our universities under any circumstances"; but, regardless of Gay's views, legislative inquiries into Communism on the campus are being conducted and will be conducted. More Communists will be routed from their secrecy and academic security. The First and Fifth Amendments did not abridge the power of Congress to provide for the Common Defence against foreign states and their conspiratorial American agents.

Time is running out for Moscow on the American campus. No bona fide

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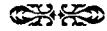
liberal or honest Socialist has anything to fear from congressional investigations into the activities of Moscow's agents on or off the campus; but every concealed agent of the Kremlin who now has a teaching position should be trembling in his academic boots. Jenner and Velde, armed with adequate powers of investigation and exposure, are coming!

Ridding the academic world of the influence of John Dewey and Karl Marx is another and vastly more complicated problem. The pragmatists, materialists, and Socialists in education — other than the Kremlin agents who share their philosophy — are not the agents of a foreign state and are not, therefore, the proper subjects of legislative inquiry on the federal level. The weapon of congressional investigation is for use against disloyalty but not against dissent. Let the investigations proceed!



» The time to guard against corruption and tyranny is before they shall have gotten hold of us. It is better to keep the wolf out of the fold than to trust to drawing his teeth and talons after he shall have entered. — *Thomas Jefferson*

» Communism resembles a concert where a single note is repeated constantly. — *Victor Considerant*
(FROM A LECTURE ON COMMUNISM IN 1841)

» Communism is oppression and slavery. Man is very willing to obey the law of duty, serve his country, and oblige his friends, but he wishes to labor when he pleases. He wishes to dispose of his own time, to be governed only by necessity, to choose his friendships, his recreations, and his discipline, to act from judgment, not by command, to sacrifice himself through egoism, not through servile obligation. Communism is essentially opposed to the free exercise of our faculties, to our noblest desires, to our deepest feelings.
— *Pierre Proudhon*
(WHAT IS PROPERTY)

» In law a man is guilty when he violates the rights of another. In ethics he is guilty if he only thinks of doing so. — *Immanuel Kant*

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The Two May Days

IN OTHER LANDS, anxious eyes turn to the Leader, high above the crowd . . . howling mobs chant senseless slogans over and over . . . men wield guns and clubs and handcuffs . . . it is May Day — a day of strife or monolithic demonstrations.

In the United States, it is May Day, too — but here it is a day of Loyalty Parades. It is also Child Health Day.

Therein lies the difference between two ways of life. For in the United States we believe that the welfare of even the littlest child is the concern of all of us. We believe — strongly enough for Congress and the President to proclaim a special day — that the health of our children is our true source of strength and security.

And so, on May Day in the United States, anxious eyes turn to a boy with cerebral palsy, learning how to take his first, faltering steps. Here, we listen to a palsied girl, practicing how to say "Mother," over and over.

For May 1 is also the opening day of the United Cerebral Palsy 1953 Campaign. This year, $7,500,000 is needed to continue and expand the services that have brought new hope to the Cerebral Palsied.

Without this money, the treatment that will some day teach the little girl to speak could not continue; the Cerebral Palsy Center where the boy is learning to walk would have to close its doors.

But we shall not let that happen because the American way is, and always will be, to help those in need.

John Cameron Swayze

NATIONAL CO-CHAIRMAN
UNITED CEREBRAL PALSY
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